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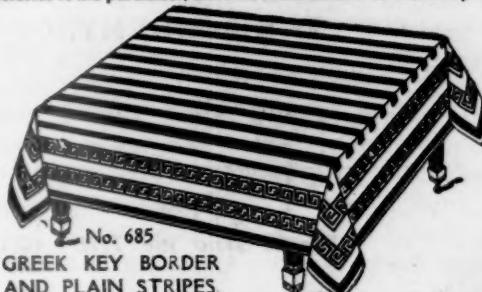
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Notes of the Week

LAST week we congratulated the Corporation of Leeds on the practical measures which it had taken to counteract the course adopted by its employés on strike. The Corporation, it is true, is largely indebted for the successful issue to the public spirit of citizens, students and others, who came forward to carry on essential services; but there is no doubt that some local bodies would have lacked the courage to have resort to volunteer action to crush strikers, whilst other bodies would—because of their complexion—have rejected such proffered aid. The authorities of the City of Leeds, through their Special Committee, have throughout acted most fairly towards those who until recently have deserved the thanks of the citizens for their services; but they have resisted, and rightly and successfully resisted, illegitimate pressure which, by striking at public necessities, was intended to bring outside pressure to bear on the Corporation to yield to demands which that body, as the guardian of the interests of the citizens, condemned. The lesson to strikers must be a salutary one, and perhaps it will lead to a more healthy disposition as to the manner in which claims may be formulated for consideration, and machinery agreed on for their examination and decision. Given good faith on both sides, divergent views can easily be adjudicated and a solution arrived at. Free working-men hate the strike, and only resort to it as a result of methods which are the negation of their freedom—the unreason of passion or the iron heel of interested compulsion.

The formation of the S.P.E.—the Society for Pure English—with Dr. Bridges as one of its supporters, is a step to be noted with satisfaction. Its aim seems to

be to induce a few men of letters, supported by the scientific alliance of the best linguistic authorities, to agree upon a scheme for informing popular taste on sound principles, for guiding educational authorities, and for introducing certain slight advantageous changes. One of the proposed reforms relates to the employment of foreign words where English ones are available; the reformers consider that foreign terms, if adopted, should be frankly recognised as English and assimilated to the standard of our language. The Society might remonstrate with the writers—some of them of repute—who use *chaperone* (a female hood!); who write *morale* when they mean what the French call *moral*; of a *double entendre* when they mean a *mot à demi entente*.

All reformers of language, however, will do well to remember the truth insisted upon by Professor Wyld in his "Evolution in English Pronunciation," that it is quite unnecessary to take a despondent view of the future of our language. It is for ever changing, but there is no need to believe that change is always for the worse. Unless we are convinced that Chaucer's English was a poorer thing than that of King Alfred, or the English of Shakespeare a more corrupted form of Chaucer's language, or that Tennyson's speech was a debased variety of Elizabethan English, there can be no reasonable ground for supposing that the present language is degraded and in a state of rapid disintegration.

The situation which has so suddenly arisen in the labour world of South Africa is rendered more complex by a factor with which we in this country have not to contend—the attitude of the thousands of native workmen and the extensive native population in sympathy with them. Towards these natives, the policy of the Boer has always been one of severe repression; at a sign of rebellion or defiance he would not hesitate to use his weapons. Such methods naturally can hardly be adopted by the English, who pride themselves on the administration of justice amid alien races more or less dependent upon them; indeed, as Lord Milner pointed out in his speech at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday evening, "success will not go very far if it does not rest on the solid base of good government and a just, humane, and enlightened policy in dealing with teeming native populations." Professor Bonn, in the lecture which followed Lord Milner's speech, showed where Germany had failed and had gained experience, in her mistaken endeavour to break up native races in South-West Africa; and although the state of our own comparatively recently acquired territories in South Africa seems rapidly returning to the conditions of Boer government which obtained before the war, certain problems press heavily upon those in nominal, if not always in actual, authority.

Candid Criticism

HERE are many advantages in living in an old and settled country which has hundreds of years of art, music, and literature behind it, and which can take the part of mentor to the world in general with a certain degree of dignity. It can afford to disregard the shrieking of its own sensational Press—engineered so acutely for the breakfast-table entertainment of the people and the profit of persons proclaiming themselves, as though through a megaphone, public benefactors; it can acknowledge a little tail-twisting with a mere leisurely growl as a tribute to its own importance; and it can assume an immense, impenetrable content with things as they are until, after many years, the time for rousing action comes.

There are, however, some drawbacks. The truest content springs from enterprise successfully concluded, not from undisturbed, self-satisfied stability; and the serene, established country may suffer in many ways the penalty of its laurelled age. Generalisations will not carry us far: we are thinking especially of the arts, and, more definitely still, of literature in its department of criticism. In this country the critic is permanently hobbled by law and custom lest he should run wild, in a moment of excitement, and knock somebody over. He dares not say what he thinks in the language that he feels would be most effective and suitable; he therefore is forced to become an adept in the trick of periphrasis. When he wishes to condemn a bad book or to ridicule a silly one, he must be very careful; he must make play with a blunted sword, with a well-padded bludgeon. He has, of course, the resources of irony and sarcasm, the reserves of pungent wit and clever badinage, to draw upon; much can be done with these by a skilled writer; but they do not always take the place of straight hitting.

This is emphasised by a glance at some of the papers which reach us from the other side of the globe. One review in the *Book Lover* of Melbourne, referring to a novel by a well-known author, begins by calling it "a beastly book . . . distinguished merely by a blatant disregard of every convention of good taste and morality." What would the English reviewer have said? "There are passages which, to speak frankly, we could well have dispensed with—obviously they are not intended for the eye of 'the young person'; on the whole, however. . . ." And then comes the saving clause, the tit-bit to mollify the publisher. Here is another charmingly expressive comment from the *Bookfellow* of Sydney: "Set the ghost of Martin Tupper down in Calcutta, with a jar of ghee, a French prose-poem, and two lotus-

buds (one of them a lady), and if he doesn't turn out R. Tagore at 110 deg. Fahr. we'll eat a Nobel trustee. Thus antipodeanly arrogantly do we defy the shadow of W. B. Yeats's great name." Who could mistake the gleeful defiance of it! We can quite believe that the honeyed elegances of the Bengali poet do not appeal to this robust writer. Again, in the same issue, referring to a recent prize offered for an Australian national song: "This bag of feeble rhymers' tricks is a National Song for Australia! . . . If the firm put the Nation first, why did it not give its money anonymously? And if it put the Nation last, its patronage is a defilement to patriotism. . . . This feeble little penny-trumpet piece that two Professors and a Musical Bachelor have prized is not a National Song: it is a national sin. . . Pish!" Bravo, *Bookfellow*! Would that we in the old land could howl for scalps so vigorously! There are three and a half columns on the subject, and, judging by the effusion in question—which is quoted—the editor of the *Bookfellow* is absolutely right in his scathing protest.

Now, in conclusion, let us look at the *Triad*, of Wellington, New Zealand, which pronounces itself, we think justly, to be "the most courageous, conscientious, and candid magazine in the Dominion." Having suffered indignity at the hands of the *Theatre*, a Sydney paper, it thus retaliates: "The fact is, of course, that from the critical standpoint the *Theatre* can no longer be said to exist. It is a parasite organ of theatredom, and exists only to throw around the butter and wave the decorative flag. The only people it ever ventures to criticise are little struggling people unable to defend themselves or make their protest good. One cannot take such a pert jackanapes of a paper seriously." The *Theatre*, on the other hand, poking bitter fun at the *Triad*, which specialises on musical criticism, says: "The *Triad* is a monthly publication that prints pages of erudite piffle about the performances of the Kauri Gum Glee Club and kindred institutions. . . One gathers, after reading its columns, that the world's elect and the simpering soprano of the Wanganui weekly warbles are equally unworthy of the life artistic. The former, however, gets a page; the latter a paragraph." This untrue insinuation of snobbishness the *Triad* energetically resents; and so the fun goes merrily on.

This sort of thing makes us regret that the brave Pickwickian days of Potts and Slurk are past. For, although it would hardly be considered good form to allow wholesale head-thwacking or unfettered comment such as the examples which we have selected, it is quite possible to err by going to the other extreme. Too much caution, too timid a choice of words, make for ineffective criticism, and custom, though a good, useful, protective servant, may become deadening when it is permitted to bind the expression of thoughts and ideas too tightly.

W. L. R.

A New Word Game

By H. BELLOC.

ALL the world knows that one of the hobbies which can so fascinate a man as to make him a crank—or worse—is etymology. The derivation of words is a delightful prospect, and the hunting up of the origin of a word a most absorbing sport. It is one of those games which become awfully serious to the player and correspondingly tedious to the man who can't, or never has, or, at any rate, won't, play it. It can lead men into the wildest nonsense—such as attributing race to language, or fixing on some modern term the meaning of an antique root from which its mere sound has tortuously descended. With all its abuses, follies and delights the sport is certainly a first-rate occupation, and thousands have proved the truth of that.

But there is a converse to it: a sort of complementary game which, for my part, I enjoy almost as much, and that is the following out of the branches that extend from some one main trunk word, and watching the astonishingly different fates they suffer and their contrast with their original. I cannot tell whether this harmless amusement will appeal to anyone else as it does to me. But the evenings are long just now, and it is an excellent Patience or Solitaire, believe me, if one has nothing else to do.

Following up the story of one word is like watching a river system which goes up inland without tributary or backwater for hundreds of miles: like the Nile, for instance. Then, quite at the end of its journey you find it branching out amazingly. *Papyrus* is such a word: and "paper" stood for paper and nothing but paper, for some thousands of years—until, all of a sudden, it began to "spear," as they say in the South of England; that is, it began to throw out, to bud out, right and left in new and vigorous branches, and it came to mean a daily journal, a form of proof, a decoration for a wall, a non-existent supply, a debt, a gratuitous entry to a place of amusement, and I know not what else. "Paper" in quite the last few generations, in the last hundred years, I think—certainly not much more—has produced all these little children. "I have changed my paper." "Have you got it down on paper?" "It is a paper Army." "His paper is all over the City." "The House was full of paper"—and so on. For how many centuries did not that honest and universal word mean one thing and one thing only from the Euphrates to the Atlantic—and then, all at once, it bloomed like the aloe in its extreme old age.

Other words throw out four or five big branches near the beginning of the business, and each branch forms a separate system of its own. Consider *Chair*—a great favourite of the collector in this line of goods is "chair." *Chair* is itself, of course, only a twig. The stem is the Greek *kathedra*, and that stem, by the way, runs up into two main branches of the fork in our common speech, for it gives us both *cathedral*, and the phrase *ex cathedra*. But that is by the way. "Chair" becoming both *chaise* and *chaise* in French gives you

pulpit eloquence in that language, and a carriage in English. And in its English form it means the furniture on which you sit down, and authority over a public meeting, and a form of ovation. A man rises from his chair to quell a tumult, with cries of "Chair! Chair!" and if his activity makes him popular he is later on "chaired"—carried high in air by his dupes. "Chair" is something more. It is a professorial appointment, a hall-mark and a direction of learning. The man who rose from his Chair to cry "Chair! Chair!"—and who was afterwards chaired—might well hold for the moment the Chair of Tautology in a seat of learning. Here you have a word rather like one of those standard apple trees which has been too much pruned and which was planted late. Right from the ground it begins to branch. The branches are far apart and few, but strong; and each has a few sub-branches.

Then there is the word which never meant to grow and which of its very nature you would think could not grow, but would remain simple till the end. Such a word is the private name *Jacob*. Yet see what happens to it! For century after century after century in the Desert and on the edges of the Desert it was a man's private name given to one man after another: يعقوب—"Yaakob" or *Yakoub*—the supplanter. There must have been Jacob the son of this and Jacob the son of that right away back to the beginnings of the tents and of the camels. How could it possibly grow? Yet grow it did. For there came upon the world what is called the Christian Religion, and among its chief Apostles were two bearing that name, and the name went drifting over all Christendom and bore fruit everywhere.

It became, in the first place, several different local forms. You had *Iago*; you had *Jacques*; you had *James*; and *Lord!* what a foison from those three and from the Latin *Jacobus* from which they all come!

A *Jacobin* is too-ardent and certain a Democrat: why? Because the more extreme Democrats of the French Revolution met in the *Jacobin* Convent in Paris. But how did that Dominican place in the Rue St. Honoré come to be called *Jacobin*? Because all Dominicans were called *Jacobins*. And why so? Because the mother-house of the Dominicans in Paris, the house where St. Thomas Aquinas wrote and taught (not that in which the *Jacobin* Club met centuries later) stood up in the University on the Street of St. Jacques and against the Gate of the same name.

Then you have *Jacobite*—dead as the name of a heresy, historically surviving as an adherent to the Stuart cause. And you have *Dago*, faintly and distantly derived from the Spanish name, and in *Santiago* you have the warcry of the Reconquista, two Naval actions, a pilgrimage and a valse; and *Iago* for your character in Shakespeare, and the Court of *St. James's*, and all the quarter of *St. James's* for the English connotation and, on a minor twig of so bushy a plant the Rum of that name. For in France to-day, when you say "*St. James*" it calls not the Palace nor London to the mind, but the West Indian spirit: "*le punch*" and "*le toast*," those most deathly boring of all French insti-

tutions—especially when they are “of honour.” Heavens! How little anyone thought when he called out “*Yacoub*” over the sand to summon back his slave or his son what a whole bush of meanings would grow out of so plain a piece of dead wood!

Then there are words planted like seeds during the transition of the Roman Empire into the Dark Ages. The fruit of some has shrivelled; others have grown into most vigorous burgeonings.

They planted *scutum*, the oblong-shield of the Roman Regulars, and it gave you the tax *scutage*, which is dead; and in France the *écu*, the big silver-piece, now of five francs—a word just surviving and soon perhaps to die. Nearly the whole of that tree is dead or shrivelled. But there is some thin, immensely vital shoot of it running up through our time rejoicing; the word “esquire,” the title all can give, and all refuse, the most necessary part of all correspondence which the wise write in hieroglyph. Every time you scribble that “*Esq.*” to put off a bore or a dun *scutum*, a shield is at the root of you: for an “esquire” is the bearer of a shield: poor dog!

But if you want a fine, healthy developed foison from a similar seed consider *bota*. What was *bota*? It was any sort of leathern pouch caught up; a convenient thing for carrying a burden. That was *bota*. It remains, does the parent stem, still quite unchanged in the Spanish Hills: and there it is a leathern skin for wine. But it flourished in every other soil exceedingly, and is flourishing. It made *boot*, certainly: I am inclined to think in spite of the learned that it made *booty* and *bootless*; by *boot* it begat the servant at the inn and the cupboard in the carriage; it made *bottle* (*botella*—the little wine skin), and so it made *butler* in an evil hour. It therefore made *butlery*, and *buttery* at Cambridge and *battels* at Oxford. Then another bit of it (starting from so close to its origin that it might be a twin) gave you *butt*, a cask, and some say—but I deny it—*butt*, a target; for this, I think, is *butte*. And do you not think that *bot*, which is dead now and meant a payment, came from a purse in some way?

What of *Atlas*, who bore the world upon his shoulders? He is a mountain; he is an ocean; he is a book of maps as well—and yet he was the father of the Pleiades!

What of *George*? *George* is simple enough. It is *Ge*—the earth—and *erg*. It is earth-working and the earth-worker. It is the husbandman. But *George*, that simple Greek word (Mr. Farmer) got sainted and was cast abroad by the whirling mill of Christendom and you have him as an architecture, and as a coin, and as an expletive, and as a battle-cry, and as a ship . . . and I am told there are other connotations.

The list is endless. Play you with it if you like. I am never tired of the game; nor is any part of it more delightful than the conflict it breeds with other collectors who go purple in the face in their disputes with your theory of this word or of that, and whom you artfully egg on to foaming at the mouth.

The “Entente” in Peril

ALTHOUGH the wave of emotion which swept through France, directly the French newspapers acquainted their readers with the recent pronouncement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on armaments, has been followed by a period of seeming calm, it is quite certain that the apprehensions of our neighbours respecting the future of the Entente Cordiale are not yet dispelled. It is realised in France that we in Great Britain are on the eve of yet another struggle on the question of our Fleet, and that, pending the issue, France herself can only hope for the best. It is long since the cry of “*Perfidious Albion!*” was raised in France, and Frenchmen would be loath to raise it again. They prefer to think that, in spite of all incitements to the contrary, England will remain true to her pledged word in the understanding which exists between the two countries.

That understanding was arrived at for purposes of defence, not of aggression. There is no aggressive element in the French foreign policy of to-day. Not a single French statesman has any thought of throwing down the gauntlet to Germany. But merely a policy of defence carries with it great responsibilities. They weigh heavily on France, much of whose present large financial deficit is due to the measures which she has been obliged to take in order to ensure the national safety. She holds, however, that in many respects, her interests and ours are identical, and for this reason she hesitates to believe in any change in our naval policy, and trusts that the British Radical malcontents, headed by Sir John Brunner and backed up by Mr. Lloyd George, will be defeated in their designs.

There is much in the French point of view which should appeal to us to strengthen the Unionist Party in its determination to resist the mischievous tendencies. We maintain a Navy primarily for the defence of our Kingdom and our Overseas Dominions, but we also have vital interests in European waters. Some of those interests are undoubtedly affected by the growth of Germany's naval armaments; yet, whilst Germany, without deviating from her course, draws gradually towards her intended goal, it is suggested that we should desist from competing with her, and allow her to attain to a superiority which, in the day of conflict, might well prove fatal to us.

In a broad sense, we have no quarrel with the German people. If they were masters in their own house, the present-day oppressive competition in the matter of armaments might possibly cease by common consent among the nations. But the Germans are ruled by a Constitution which enables their Government to do as it pleases in such matters, and that Government and its militarist supporters have repeatedly refused to come to any understanding. Mr. Winston Churchill's offers were rejected with contempt, and during the past week or so Mr. Lloyd George has been plainly told that, even should there be an abatement in English naval armaments, there will be none in Germany's.

Though there have been occasional scares respecting a German invasion of England, Germany's aim is not the possession of this island, but of Holland and Belgium, and this is one of the questions in which our interests coincide with those of France. It is generally understood that France has agreed to patrol the Mediterranean in the event of hostilities, leaving us to take all necessary measures in Northern waters. German armies might overrun Holland and Belgium to-morrow, but the possession of those countries would be of little value to Germany if we could effectively blockade their coasts and render their ports useless.

It is not to maintain her present limited seaboard, it is not even for the defence of her Colonies, that Germany is creating a great fleet. It is to attain to an enlarged European seaboard, such as Holland and Belgium would supply. And that seaboard she can only acquire by crushing the British Navy. Every German boy learns that Holland and Belgium form part of "Greater Germany," at present unhappily separated from the Fatherland, but destined to belong to it once more, under mediatised sovereigns. There are even works which claim French Flanders down to the Artois hills as part of "Greater Germany," and some carry the pretension so far as to include Boulogne in the coveted territory. Thus Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne would all be German ports. What a boom for German trade! England displaced, too, from her proud position as the world's great carrier; her own ports reduced to a subordinate status; and German *Dreadnoughts* patrolling the Channel with brooms displayed derisively at their mastheads!

Is it possible, France inquires, that we shall allow the English Channel to become a part of the German Ocean? She cannot believe it. Nevertheless, she remains very anxious, for she well knows that the pushful Chancellor has more than once forced his policy on the present British Cabinet, and may possibly do so again. If our naval armaments cease, even if they are appreciably diminished, it is certain that one of the chief conditions of the Entente will be unfulfilled, and that the two nations will drift apart once more. Only after much patient diplomacy and the recognition on either side that there were great interests common to both countries to be safeguarded did the present understanding come into being. Its future now depends on the success or the defeat of the Little Navy partisans. Are they to destroy the international balance, and are we to renounce our position as the premier naval Power and become subservient to Germany?

It is for the Unionist Party to make the Chancellor understand, and to impress, indeed, on the whole nation, that the question of our naval armaments, like that of all other European armaments, can only be restricted by a common and binding agreement between the Powers. Such an agreement would undoubtedly bring relief to the nations, but without it we cannot slacken in the work of National Defence.

ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Return of Edwin Drood

THE recent trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood, held at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, has reawakened an interest in one of the most fascinating of literary controversies. What, it may not be irrelevant to inquire, is the net result of the trial? Are we any nearer a solution than we were before? I think we are. I think, indeed, that Mr. Cecil Chesterton was able to demonstrate, beyond all shadow of a doubt, that Edwin Drood had not been murdered by Jasper.

There are many converging lines of evidence, all of which point to this conclusion. Some of them have been discussed by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell in an article on the subject which appeared in THE ACADEMY on February 8, 1913. There is, for instance, the not insignificant fact that one of the tentative titles chosen by Dickens for the novel was "Dead? or Alive?" (Another, by the way, was "The *Disappearance* of Edwin Drood.") Again, Chapter XIV, in which Landless and Drood and Jasper go up the postern stair—it is the last we see of Drood before the news of the murder—is entitled, "When shall we three meet again?"—which is not so much meaningless as dishonestly misleading if there is to be no future meeting between the three parties. Still stronger corroborative evidence is to be found in the design that was drawn for the wrapper by Charles Allston Collins. One of the pictures represents a man in a vault, holding a lantern in his hand, and starting back in surprise as the rays from the lantern fall upon the figure of another man. Assuming the two figures to be those of Jasper and Edwin Drood, the subsequent development of the plot becomes at once intelligible. Jasper, possibly impelled by that impulse to revisit the scene of his crime which is common to murderers and has frequently led to their detection—or, it may be, with the object of recovering the ring which he had forgotten to remove from the hand of his victim—goes down into the vaults under the cathedral, where he is confronted with the very man whom he believed he had killed. The situation is one that would have appealed with a peculiar intensity to Dickens. Finally, if Drood had indeed been murdered by Jasper, I fail to understand why Dickens should have bestowed upon his book such a title as "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," or why he should have disposed of one of his principal characters about half-way through the course of the narrative. The element of mystery is at once removed, for it is obviously the intention of the author to suggest that Drood *had* been killed, while leaving a loophole for his possible escape. That Dickens would have devoted the remaining portion of the novel—six whole monthly parts—to tracking down Jasper until complete evidence of his guilt had been established is absolutely unthinkable.

But who was Datchery? Here, I confess, we are upon more debatable ground. The theory put forward by Mr. Cuming Walters that Helena Landless disguised herself as "a single buffer" with white hair and

black eyebrows, and, in her newly donned male attire, visited many of the very people in Cloisterham with whom she had been intimate, was mercilessly exposed by Mr. Chesterton. What did she do with the pint of sherry which accompanied her fried sole and her veal cutlet at the Crozier? Mrs. Lawrence Clay, who at the trial said all there was to be said for the preposterous Helena Landless theory, was forced to the despairing admission that she poured a part of it into a certain "receptacle" in the dining-room—designed, presumably, for another purpose—while no one was looking! After this, one was not surprised to discover that she had learned the art of tavern-scoring in—where do you think?—Ceylon!

My own belief, which I share with Mr. Chesterton, is that Datchery was Bazzard. At first sight, no character in the book would appear more unlikely to be capable of sustaining such a rôle than the taciturn clerk of Mr. Grewgious. He appears in the first instance as a "Norfolk dumpling," but as the narrative proceeds it becomes evident that this mysterious person is something more than a mere country clown. Afterwards, one learns that he has written a play—a fact which may not be without some future significance.

The Bazzard-Datchery theory is not without some more direct corroboration. In Chapter XX we find Rosa calling upon Mr. Grewgious in Staple Inn. She asks her host if he is "always alone," and Grewgious replies: "Always alone; except that I have daily company in a gentleman of the name of Bazzard, my clerk." "He doesn't live here?" asks Rosa again. "No," rejoins Grewgious; "he goes his way after office hours. In fact, he is off duty *here* altogether, just at present." I have italicised the word "here," as it appears to me the most important word in the sentence. If Bazzard was off duty "there," where was he "on" duty? I suggest that he was acting for Grewgious, who was employing him at the time to clear the reputation of Neville Landless, and that he was acting in that capacity the part of "a single buffer, of an easy temper, living idly on his means."

I am not writing a report of the trial, or I would have liked to have alluded at some length to the grave judicial precision of Mr. Justice Chesterton and to the remarkable forensic skill of the counsel on both sides. The witnesses were excellent. Mr. Sheridan Jones made a witty and alert Bazzard, but hardly suggested to me the Bazzard of Dickens. A last word should be said of Miss J. K. Prothero's impersonation of the opium woman. It was triumphant.

T. MICHAEL POPE.

The first exhibition of the Society of Animal Painters is being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The membership includes the names of the two Royal Academicians, Mr. H. W. B. Davis and Mr. Briton Rivière, and almost all the other well-known painters in this branch of art. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch has been elected first president.

REVIEWS

A Third Sex

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

The Future of the Woman's Movement. By H. M. SWANWICK, M.A. With an Introduction by Mrs. FAWCETT, LL.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

SOME people think that the Woman's Suffragette movement will die out, or at least slumber again with intervals of fitful wakefulness, as it has during the last forty or fifty years. I am not of that opinion. The real emancipation of women began when the Humber Company built the first ladies' machine in the '80's. This and lawn tennis gave a large number of girls amusement and companionship with men in the open air which had hitherto been lacking, except in the case of hunting for the wealthier classes, and croquet which was really a solitary as well as a slow game for the middle classes.

The young lady of half a century ago who did wool work also wasted thousands of hours of valuable time in practising the piano; in nine cases out of ten she had no taste or inclination for music, and is now as defunct as her grandmother who swooned in graceful attitudes on every occasion. Women are rapidly taking up a more aggressive position in the world; they travel unchaperoned; they ride alone in taxis, and live like bachelors by themselves in flats, if they think fit, without scandal. You cannot get away from it. As a matter of fact a new sex is growing up: a third sex—women who deliberately abandon all feminine attributes and honestly do not care for love or passion. They want to live their own lives; they do not want to get married or expect it. They imitate men as far as they can in their attire. They smoke cigarettes and lead useful lives as clerks, typists, telegraphists, actuaries, doctors, and take up a hundred other occupations which were formerly the sole occupation of men. They do not want men; they are learning to be independent of them. I do not pretend that all women who follow these occupations are of this class, but I maintain that there is a large and growing proportion of what is practically a third sex. Inasmuch as the proportion of men over women is increasing, I see no harm in it but good. Spinsterhood is no longer the reproach it once was and women lead far more interesting and brighter lives than ever they did before.

The woman's demand for the vote is the natural outcome of all this, and the fact that some of them mean to have it has to be faced by both parties in the State whether they like it or not. A large number of Members of Parliament are academically in favour of women having the vote, and many of them many years ago pledged themselves to it on a thousand platforms without much thought as to what it entailed. "Why should not women who pay rates and taxes have the vote when they have men servants who have it with

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not a tenth part of the intellectual qualification necessary to judge as to which way to vote on great questions of national or municipal importance? Taxation without representation is tyranny," they said, and from that time they were counted among the supporters of those who believed in Women's Suffrage.

But there was no driving force behind it all; each party fooled the women in turn, until violence became rampant and many supporters fell away. Some because they genuinely believed that violence in this connection was wrong, whilst others made it an excuse.

"People said and say: 'If they get the vote, they will be in Parliament in no time and we shall have a female Prime Minister.'" was another argument against it. I do not think that is likely for many generations. Women on any of the larger local authorities have not been much of a success. A lot of water must flow under Westminster Bridge before they are sufficiently trained. The female mind at present is not attuned to public speaking in debate. We have had some of the best female intellects on the School Board and the London County Council, but no one can say they have shone. They have done splendid work in committees, but their voices have not been heard to much useful advantage in the Council chamber. It will be, as we say, many years before we have a female M.P., and many generations before we have a female Prime Minister. When she arrives, it will be by common consent.

We have read most of the literature on the subject, and it is growing into a big library on both sides. The best book we read on the anti side was called "An Englishwoman's Home," written by one "M. E. S.," and was a working woman's plea for exemption from political responsibility. It did not pretend to be scientific, but it was written by a shrewd woman of the world, who had mixed with men and who had written much. She dissected the weaknesses of her own sex with merciless acumen, and showed where they were bound to fail.

The present book is the best one in favour of the movement we have come across for some time. It is short and pithy, and a list of the topics discussed will give some idea of its scope: "Causes of the Women's Movement—What is the Women's Movement?—The Subjection of Women—Physical Force—Democracy and Representative Government—Votes—The Economic Problem: (i) The Wage Earner; (ii) The Mother; (iii) The Housewife; (iv) The Prostitute; (v) Commercialised Vice—The Man's Woman—The Woman's Woman—Sex Antagonism—The Old Adam and the New."

Counsel for the Crown are always strictly moderate in their statements, and for that very reason their speeches to the jury are often so deadly. The author is clever enough to take the same line; she puts her case moderately but forcibly—very differently, indeed, from some advocates whose hysterical claims evoke nothing but contempt. She gives many interesting

facts; she points out that the "poor sex" have, on a very moderate estimate, raised and spent in twelve months a sum of £100,000 in working for the vote alone, which may be taken as some evidence of the intensity of their demand. "Money talks," as the common expression runs. Then she notes the woman's increased desire to "spend money," wisely or foolishly as the case may be. A cynical reviewer would here comment that women have done that in all ages, but our earnest author means spending the money *they have earned themselves with a sense of independence*. The question of Prostitution is not shirked; neither is it dealt with in a lurid way. It is discussed as frankly as if two men were talking seriously on a serious subject in a smoking-room. The Chicago report on the subject is again and again referred to, and some startling figures are given.

Whether you are for or against Women's Suffrage; if you take any interest in the welfare of your kind, you should read this book. It is bound to arrest your attention, and perhaps put the matter before you in a new light. Although the policy of this paper is dead against the "militants," we desire above all things to be fair.

A Passer Through Prague

My Bohemian Days in Paris. By JULIUS M. PRICE. Illustrated by the Author. (T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

PARIS of the 'eighties is the far-off world of which Mr. Price writes. The people of that period still spoke of the Ville Lumière, and dwelt on the truth of such well-worn axioms as "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," and still followed other antique fashions. The author of the present work does much the same. Although he is writing of thirty years ago, he begins by stoutly maintaining that no great changes have taken place since the Bohemia of his day, and that all things are as jolly, bright, and charming as when he was young. This is the agreeable attitude that Mr. Price at first assumes, but as he continues his reminiscences it is gradually borne in upon the reader that times have changed a little, and that even so happy a reveller as the author—and artist—perceives that, after all, his book is but a history of old days, "souvenirs des beaux jours de notre jeunesse."

Now, the making of books on Bohemian life in Paris is a delicate and charming art. Many have practised it, and several of those writers have done it far better than Mr. Price. This, we need hardly point out, is unfortunate for the present volume, but it is lucky for us that we have so many more delicate and subtle memories of student life in the city of most catholic allure.

The long-past personal adventures which the locust

hath eaten require very skilful handling in their reincarnation—unless the whole affair is to appear banal, vulgar—the weary gloating over intrigues and simple amusements which were jolly enough for a young boy, but a deadly bore to people who hear of them years after. We own Mr. Price, gifted as he doubtless is in a thousand ways, does not possess the qualities which could make his Bohemian days in Paris remarkably delightful. One knows all his stories of his student freaks and love affairs already; everyone has been through these experiences. There is the excitement of fever and the depression of recovery. But given the spirit of romance, and the same bare facts become golden fancies; the mystic rose of youth turns many dull affairs into gay dreams and splendid visions; the fairy fancy may decorate a hundred stupid intrigues until they appear as lively poems of delight.

Mr. Price has relied merely on Paris and thirty years ago and the ordinary student's life as it then was. He states the facts more or less clearly, and adds that she was beautiful and kind and those were happy, happy days. We think it may have been so; but we are not interested, unless he can tell his story with art and feeling and decorate his pages with lively drawings. He does not do either. In his desire to tell us about himself, he indites a bald report, he loses the delicious spirit of Paris and *la jeunesse* in his attempt to make a plain statement of facts. Nevertheless, the opening chapters do give us something of the not always inevitable charm of youth. But in this case it is the manner in which various French families and artists, especially Gérôme, receive Mr. Price when, as a boy, he adventured into the world of art that makes this blithe outset interesting and instinct with the essence of old hopes and dreams. Later the book is dull by reason of its attempt to give us too much realism and not enough of the place and period. Years ago someone made a rather bad translation of a lyric by Clément Marot:—

Here in Paris, city free,
One day, passing melancholy,
I into alliance fell
With the gayest damosel
That e'er came from Italy.

She is seized of honesty,
And I think (my fantasy)
Is no fairer damosel
Here in Paris.

I'll not name her here to thee;
Only my sweet friend is she. . . .

And so forth, with a lightness and sense of beauty which Mr. Price, perhaps, possesses, but is unable to endow his present work. The spirit of Thackeray, of Du Maurier, of Henri Mürger, of Marot's "Dedans Paris, Ville jolie," is missing, and its absence transforms a book which we hoped would be a delightful picture of youth and art into a disappointment—indifferently illustrated.

An Italian Philosopher

The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by R. G. COLLINGWOOD. (Howard Latimer. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is probable that even the name of this Italian philosopher is known to only a limited circle of English students of philosophy, and it can hardly be expected that so solid and elaborate a work as Signor Croce's, even in its English translation, can prove attractive to the general reader. Vico lived so long ago as from 1668 to 1744, at Naples, the son of a small bookseller, always in straitened circumstances; he held for thirty-six years an appointment of Professor of Rhetoric at the University, for the small annual stipend of £17, and was obliged to eke out his resources by literary work and still more by private lessons. In spite of all obstacles, including domestic troubles, this man of genius became "the hero of the philosophic life." Sometimes plunged in a profound individual and cosmic pessimism, he could rise to the certainty of scientific method, advancing from his earlier work, and from his first attempt at philosophico-historical research to his *Scienza Nuova* after twenty-five years of unremitting and toilsome thought. The positive side of his theory of knowledge was developed in this last-named work, where the human knowledge of the mind and of history is raised to the level of divine knowledge. It would be impossible within reasonable limits of space to attempt to give a clear idea of Vico's views and philosophical system. His theories of knowledge passed through two phases. His obscurity consisted in the obscurity of his ideas, writes Signor Croce, "in his insufficient understanding of certain connections, and the substitution for them of fallacious ones; in the arbitrary element, that is, which he introduces into his thought, or, to put it more simply, in his own downright errors." His "New Science" might, in its philosophical aspect, it is said, owing to the prominence given to the study of the individualising forms, above all the imagination, be called without paradox a philosophy of mind, with special attention to the philosophy of imagination or aesthetic.

The wide range of his subjects will be evident from a mere enumeration of them. He dealt with the imaginative and semi-imaginative forms of knowledge, the moral consciousness, morality and religion, morality and law, the historical aspect of law, Providence, the law of reflux, metaphysics, history, obscure periods, heroic society, Homer and primitive poetry, Roman history, the return of barbarism, contemporary culture. Separate treatises might be written on each of them. His metaphysics, for instance, meant his conception of reality as a whole, not of the world of man by itself; the word included also his ultimate negative conclusion asserting the unknowability or the imperfect knowability of one or more spheres of reality, or of that highest sphere in which the others reunite. There are many acute observations of moral psychology in Vico's writ-

ings, "expressed in his gem-like style"; Signor Croce instances "his little-known theory of laughter, which he derives from disappointed expectation and from the weakness of the mind, and therefore denies the faculty both to animals and to the perfect man, considering a man who laughs to be a satyr or faun, intermediate between a brute and a man." In his own days Vico passed for an eccentric and lived as a recluse: even today, though well known in certain restricted circles, he has not taken in Italy the place he deserves in the general history of thought. Though he cannot stand comparison with the later philosophers, there is full agreement between his historical discoveries and the criticism and research of the nineteenth century. "Above all, he agrees with his successors in his rules of method, his scepticism as regards the narrative of ancient historians, his recognition of the superiority of documents and monuments over narrative, his investigation of language as a storehouse of primitive beliefs and customs, his social interpretation of mythology, his emphasis on spontaneous development rather than external communication of civilisation, his care not to interpret primitive psychology in the light of modern psychology; and so on." Clearly, Vico was a philosopher of independent and original views, whose thought may profitably be studied by other philosophers and professors. Learned men and students of all countries may therefore take an interest in Signor Croce's book: but such works have their unavoidable limitations of popularity.

The Scourge of Apathy

Lord Roberts' Campaign Speeches. A Continuation of "The Message to the Nation." (John Murray. 6d. net.)

Militarism. An Appeal to the Man-in-the-street. (T. Fisher Unwin. 4d. net.)

THIS reprint of the speeches delivered by Lord Roberts at Bristol, Wolverhampton, Leeds, and Glasgow, between February and May, should convince the public who could not attend his meetings of the seriousness of the military situation. It is a pathetic case. Our Grand Old Field-Marshal, who speaks with unique authority, has been for years pleading with the nation to provide for its self-defence, while there is yet time: and well may he say that the nation has been smitten, apparently, with the most terrible scourge that can afflict a great State—the scourge of apathy. The remedy he proposes is simple, feasible, and adequate: he has been bitterly criticised and grossly misrepresented, but with marvellous pluck and patience he returns repeatedly to the charge. Universal Military Training, obligatory on the young men of all classes between eighteen and twenty-one, for a few months and weeks in successive years, is the method advocated; for the formation of a Citizen Army, to be prepared to defend England in case of invasion, and to admit of the Expeditionary Force of the Regular Army leaving this country, when required for service abroad. Such a National Army

would not be a conscript army: foreign service would not be compulsory. Lord Roberts contends, *and rightly*, that the present Territorial Force has failed in discipline, numbers, equipment and energy. A new Territorial or Citizen Army is essential, in which promotion should be by merit and suitability, and the training necessary should be only long enough to ensure efficiency in discipline, drill, and musketry. The nation and the Government, by special arrangement with every employer, would guarantee the safety of his employment to each citizen soldier. In words that echo Thucydides, the speaker reminded his audiences "that the surest way of preventing war is to be prepared for it," and, again, "For that is the true slavery—to live in fear of other nations through trusting for your defence to the valour or skill of other men." It is true that the creation of such an army would require a small sacrifice, by every able-bodied youth, of a few months, but the sacrifice would be fully compensated by the health-giving and strength-giving discipline, and by the conditions of service, calculated to foster strength of body and of character, quickness of intelligence, moral fibre, which would greatly improve his general efficiency.

Through Lord Roberts, as spokesman, the National Service League has urged its object—to ensure the safety of these islands and the maintenance of the Empire. The cause is doubtless making way, but the attitude of the Government and the apathy of the public are terrible obstacles. It is not sufficient to depend upon our Navy alone. So long as we are unprepared to defeat invasion by land, we invite catastrophe and the loss of Empire.

The other pamphlet on "Militarism" is anonymous—is the author ashamed to own it? It is addressed to the Man-in-the-street, to encourage the democracy to disregard the warnings of Lord Roberts. It fastens on the word "militarism," which he has shown to be a false accusation against the Universal Military Training he advocates. It denies the truth of the maxim, which has been generally recognised as true since its Roman origin—*Si vis pacem, para bellum*, and substitutes the absurd paradox: "If we want peace, we must prepare for peace." What preparation is required for peace, which is still, thank goodness, the normal condition of the Empire? It proposes that Germany or Russia should begin the reduction of her military arm, and England of her Navy. It is opposed to the maintenance of an Expeditionary Force, and suggests the reduction of the Regular Army, to be replaced by Territorials. In short, this little pamphlet ignores facts and parades its ignorance. It ignores the dangers of commencing disarmament while other nations are armed to the teeth. The democracy would suffer equally with others if the views of this pamphleteer were to prevail.

Perhaps too much attention and space have been bestowed on this small production. But there is no subject of greater moment to the Empire than the defence of England. No one wants militarism: Lord Roberts is against it. Preparation for self-protection is the best guarantee of peace.

The Sangrail

The Quest of the Holy Grail. By JESSIE L. WESTON. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

READERS of Tennyson and of Hawker—the poet-priest of Morwenstow—are familiar with the Christian story of the Holy Grail. The Grail legend has long occupied the attention of students of folk-lore. It has, in fact, been brought into the region of controversy. Until comparatively recently, Miss Weston says, "scholars were divided into two sharply opposed camps. The one held that the Grail story was a purely Christian ecclesiastical legend, while the other maintained that the Grail, far from being a Christian relic, was simply the automatic, food-providing talisman of popular tradition, and as such, of purely folk-lore, preferably of Celtic origin. This last is the view of Miss Weston, who, however, examines very carefully the Christian theory of origin. She contends that "there is no ecclesiastical story which connects Joseph of Arimathea with the vessel (dish or cup) of the Last Supper, and that as early as 1260, the Nederland poet, Jacob van Maerlant, in his 'Merlin,' denounced the whole story as mere lies, on the specific ground that the Church knew nothing about it." She further advances the suggestion that the Joseph-Grail story was a devolution of the older myth, and was fabricated by the Glastonbury monks, to raise the position and importance of the Abbey, when its fortunes were somewhat declining towards the close of the twelfth century, the model being found in the legends of Fescamp, an abbey of the same order as Glastonbury.

In the Celtic myth the Grail appears as a food-providing vessel, which appeared automatically according to notions of sympathetic magic, in connection with mysterious ritual celebrations, part, perhaps, of an esoteric cult symbolising Nature's annual death and resurrection of life under an anthropomorphic form.

There can be no doubt concerning the esoteric nature of the rite, as appears from the following :

du ségré du Graal
si fet grant pechié et grant mal
cil qui s'entremet de conter
fors si comme il doit aler.

[of the secret of the Grail, he commits a great sin and a great wrong, who undertakes to tell the tale otherwise than as it should run.]

Miss Weston examines very fairly the methods by which, as she considers, the Grail legend was equated with the Christian Eucharist, although she misses one point, the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist as parallel to the ceremonial and sacrificial offering of the life-giving natural food of the earth. But the parallel of partaking this food with the Communion of spiritual food as the source of spiritual life is certainly striking.

If the folk-lore origin of the myth be the true solution, there was nothing to remark; indeed, it might be expected that Christianity would readily adapt it to the Christian mysteries. The connection between the mystery of physical life and life Immortal is suffi-

ciently obvious. We have to remember, too, that in the face of paganism, the Christian rite was also more or less esoteric. The most telling argument in favour of the folk-lore theory is the existence of the additional features in the legend of the lonely castle, the fisher king, the waste land, the dead knight, and the wailing women: of which none can find a place in the Christian hypothesis. But in the clash of Paganism and Christianity a cloud of obscurity is raised, which in all legends and stories (witness the assimilation of the heathen Pantheon) tends to hide true origins. Miss Weston, however, has very learnedly made out a good case, and doubtless many will accept her conclusions.

More Thraliana

The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821. Edited by OSWALD G. KNAPP. With Thirty Illustrations. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

MRS. PIOZZI, previously Mrs. Thrale, shines in literary history only in the reflected light of the great Dr. Johnson. If the lexicographer had not deigned to accept the hospitality of the Streatham brewer, if he had not conducted a correspondence with his hostess there, and if he had not afforded her the opportunity of later publishing her reminiscences of the literary giant of the Eighteenth Century it is probable that Mrs. Thrale would have been quite unknown to fame. Dr. Johnson was friendly, however, only with Mrs. Thrale. With Mrs. Piozzi, as she became on her second marriage, he refused to have any communication. In his eyes she had committed the triple offence of marrying a foreigner, a papist and a music-master. For such an enormity Johnson never forgave her. His resentment was shared by practically the whole of the circle of which Mrs. Thrale had been the centre at Streatham, and from the day of her second marriage one may say that most of the celebrities with whom she had previously been acquainted passed out of her life.

As a consequence, the present volume of some two hundred letters, none of which had hitherto been published, ought not to raise very great expectations. If it does there will certainly be disappointment. The correspondent to whom they were addressed, Penelope Weston, afterwards Penelope Pennington, was a lady who never gained an entry into literary history. She was at the most merely an admirer of the genius of her friends and acquaintances. She was one of the few who did not desert Mrs. Piozzi on her second marriage, but she was able to give her but little news of the world from which her correspondent was exiled, and the latter could give her none in exchange. Practically the only celebrity who appears in these letters, otherwise than as a distant figure, is Mrs. Siddons. With her and her family Mrs. Piozzi remained intimate. Nevertheless, these two hundred letters throw no new light on the career of perhaps the greatest actress England has known. Apart from the Siddons family,

one catches a glimpse now and then of a few other well-known figures. The banker-poet, Rogers, was one of the several suitors for the hand of Mrs. Piozzi's youngest daughter. Mention is made of a chance meeting with the actress, Elizabeth Farren, after she had become Lady Derby; Mrs. Piozzi mentions accepting once or twice the hospitality of the Ladies of Llangollen. To her, as well as to all others who knew or knew of them, some degree of mystery in connection with them was apparent. "The unaccountable knowledge these Recluses have of all living books and people and things is like magic; one can mention no one of whom the private history is unknown to them."

These letters consist for the most part of small talk of little if any interest to anyone besides the two correspondents. There is an occasional remark about or inquiry concerning a member of the larger world, and in particular during the earlier half of the period covered by the correspondence. Mrs. Piozzi furnishes many reflections on the course of the then contemporary revolution in France. As a consequence of events on the Continent the shadow of the fear of invasion not infrequently falls across these pages. Otherwise, the principal topics of correspondence are Mr. Piozzi's gout so long as he lived and the ungrateful treatment meted out to her by her daughters, and also, it must be admitted, in the later days by her adopted son on whose behalf Mrs. Piozzi almost impoverished herself. The writer of these letters suffered many griefs and sorrows in the course of her long life, but these had no result in souring her disposition. The sweetness of it grows more apparent as the years pass, and at the end one cannot forbear from loving the lonely old figure waiting patiently and uncomplainingly for death; never losing her courage, her cheerfulness or her serenity; setting an example to all who came in contact with her. For her, death had neither terror nor repulsion. She looked towards the end as all may hope to look as their time approaches. "I have an appointment to keep with dear Piozzi, whom I brought out of his own sweet country to lie in the vault he made for me and my ancestors at Dymerchion, where I am most willing to keep him company."

Mr. Knapp connects the letters by means of a copious commentary, which nevertheless is, in parts, insufficient thoroughly to elucidate the text. The reading would have been easier if there had been some readier means of differentiating the comment from the text, preferably by the use of varying type. The illustrations are suitable and well produced, and all interested in Mrs. Thrale and her period will be grateful to both the editor and the publisher of the volume.

Continuing its tour of the world, the Quinlan Opera Company is leaving Australia for Canada and the United States. On the return of the Company to England next autumn Mr. Quinlan will give a short season in the provinces, and present in English Wagner's "Parsifal," D'Albert's "Tiefland," and Ferrier's "Monna Vanna," in addition to the 29 operas already in his repertoire.

An Observant Motorist

A Motor Tour Through Canada. By T. W. WILBY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

DREAMS of a united Canada, of Canada as an Imperial granary, and of the development of other aspects of the Dominion are, as the author points out, in a fair way to full realisation; but in his last paragraph he advances a plea for "the Canada of the scenic road," and in his book is eloquent justification of it. Few English folk realise that there is not yet a trans-continental road across Canada; that even as far east as the lands bounded on the south by Lake Superior the car had to be shipped, since the lake formed the only means of transit, while farther west the difficulties of the tracks—for they cannot be called roads—were numberless, and in British Columbia the adventurers bumped their car from sleeper to sleeper along the railway, since there was not even a track to follow.

The book is brilliantly kaleidoscopic, for its author has not only rushed across a continent, but has also recorded faithfully the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the people he met on the way. His illustrations are excellent, and the text of the work is no whit behind them. Humour comes in with the Monckton Bore, in Eastern Canada, and reaches its zenith with the advent of the Man of Statistics, 'way out in the very far West. The east had its peculiarities. "When it came to the prospect of tackling Choctaw perpetrations like Tontimogouchiasibash and the full-flavoured Pugwashsouris-pagdhaliouchau, I gave order to change our course and fled," with good reason, too. Mere Welsh would tremble here.

Conservatism, the author records, is the keynote of life in the eastern provinces; there are settled conditions and a solid, bounded population. Along the St. Lawrence is more of French than English Canadian influence, with religion as "the dominant and insistent note of the highway," in the form of crosses by the wayside. So steep is the road into Quebec that the car was backed up it, forward progress being found impossible, and "all Gaul collected on the side-walks."

There are in the book, when in company with its author one has reached farther west than Quebec, full details of the Canadian "rules of the road," for motorists in the streets of the cities. There is a note on Ottawa water which grants the author absolute freedom in the noble company of exaggerators, and there is a plea that Canada should waken to the need for intellectual progress as well as for muscular and commercial development. It is only too true that the Dominion has as yet produced hardly a writer of note, nor has one of her citizens yet achieved great prominence in any art or science. Hurried and busied over commercial and agricultural aggrandisement, Canada is far behind in the race for intellectual fitness and development, and the time draws near, with the increasing settlement of the country, when this will count as a

drawback. There is plenty of welcome for muscle, but little for brains.

This, together with the plea for a trans-continental highway, is one of the things in which the author bids Canada bestir herself. Commercially, the Canadian is already astir, and in the right way, too. "He does not call for Demagogery or Socialism or Labour organised against the forces of Capital to win his position among his fellow men, only sterling work, ability, and willingness"—Canada wants the best, and to them she will give of her best, while the wastrels remain in the Old Country to organise strikes and foment labour unrest.

But that is apart from the work before us. The author has written a racy, fascinating story of an exceedingly interesting tour. It is not a dry catalogue of things even, but a breezy, intimate record of experience, a work of value to students of Canada, a witty, humorous book, and one to which we accord a hearty welcome.

A Roguish Satirist

Vices in Virtues, and Other Vagaries. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is quite possible that Shakespeare, when he optimistically contended that "there lives some soul of goodness in things evil," would have been prepared to admit that there is also an element of truth in the converse proposition. That some soul of badness—or, at any rate, of undesirableness—resides in many things which are universally accounted lovely and of good report is a no less tenable thesis; and it is one with which excellent play has been made by the anonymous author of as smart a collection of satirical essays as we have encountered for some time past. The writer's humour is, in every sense of the term, good humour; his eye for the drawbacks that attend attributes and achievements of the conventionally admirable sort is unerringly keen; and he delivers his shrewd hits with a slyly deprecating air and an obvious sense of enjoyment which we confess to having found refreshing and wholly irresistible.

No great amount of penetration, it may be, is needed for the business of indicating the "vices" which attach themselves to much of the organised charity of the day, though it has seldom been done with such combined lightness and sureness of touch as here; and it may be objected with some point that to represent the "innocent" pursuit of gardening as an occupation conducive to the commission of all or most of the seven deadly sins is a mere humorous *tour de force*. But it is in his wickedly effective presentation of "the other side of the shield" in respect of certain generally admired qualities of mind and character that our author shows himself, for all his conscious exaggeration, a really observant moral philosopher. Who will fail to recognise the truth which underlies his paradoxical contention that there is such a "vice" as that of loving

people—relations and others—without liking them in the least? Who will not revel in his denunciation of the hard tyranny of "commonsense," that triple armour of unsympathetic narrowness and bullying self-sufficiency? So, too, with his laughing indictment of the evils that spring from unselfishness, and of the unwitting maleficence of people who yield blind and unreasoning worship to the fetish of what they call their "principles." In these and other instances we find touches of a gay wisdom which, lightly winged as it is, hits its mark with sure and effective aim.

In two of the essays, oddly enough, we find their author reversing his usual practice, and seeking for us the soul of goodness in things evil. That he is convincing in his exposition of "The Joys of Indigestion" we are not prepared to admit; but many who have invalid friends will doubtless find an unholy delight in his consideration of the subject of "Ill-Health as a Profession." Among the "other vagaries" included in this diverting miscellany, there is a disquisition on "The Ungentlemanliness of Ladies" which, in view of its temptation to "feminist" reprisals, may possibly help to explain the author's preference for anonymity. He has not been over-kind to the members of what he himself acknowledges to be "a much-abused race" in his sprightly essay on "Reviewing." But we freely forgive him for the sake of the genuine pleasure we have derived from an exceptionally clever and entertaining little book.

The Machinery of Mind

A Manual of Psychology. By G. F. STOUT, LL.D. Third Edition. (University Tutorial Press. 8s. 6d.)

DR. STOUT'S manual is too well known to need any introduction. The present edition, however, contains extensive and important changes. Two chapters, those on "Instinct" and "Attention," have been added. The leading motive of the former is an exegesis upon the proposition that "instinctive behaviour is essentially conditioned by intelligent consciousness." The criticism which we are impelled to pass upon this chapter, as upon a great deal of the work, is that, however interesting and illuminating disquisitions on these and similar topics may be, their connection with the proper subject of the book is not easily seen, and the result of their inclusion is to throw upon the unfortunate student the almost intolerable burden of 736 pages of compressed wisdom. Fully one-half of this number is concerned with metaphysics pure and simple, and the author is at no pains to utilise the lessons taught by the metaphysician to throw light upon the difficult places in the study of psychology.

We are perfectly at one with Dr. Stout when he tells us that the great error to avoid is "sketchiness"; that the "study of psychology is of no use to the student unless he is able to live himself into psychological

problems"; that cut and dried statements are of not much use, and so forth. While giving the learned author credit for realising these facts and for the best intentions of avoiding the mistakes made by so many of his predecessors, we must confess that he has too often fallen into the very errors which he was so anxious to avoid. He uses, for example, the old fallacious phraseology concerning that nightmare of the student, the problem of consciousness. The unfortunate tyro is left to believe as best he may that consciousness is something *per se*, a self-subsisting unity. He might equally well be invited to study digestion without reference to the activities of the digestive organs or the properties of the substances digested. The author goes at very great length into the relative merits of the opposing modes of thought regarding the problem of consciousness known as "parallelism" and the theory of "interaction." To any save the skilled metaphysician both of these so-called explanations are equally futile. Conscious processes do not "accompany" nervous processes: they are themselves nervous processes. And to say that conscious processes "interact" with nervous processes is as if one were to say that autumn interacts with falling leaves. Conclusion after conclusion is vitiated by the failure to break away from the hypnotic spell of a phraseology formulated before mankind had even the very vaguest knowledge of the essential factors of the problem.

These threadbare shibboleths matter nothing to the modern seeker after truth. It suffices him to know that from time immemorial men have concerned themselves with these futile inquiries into reality, and the multitude of difficulties evolved from the depths of their own minds, and that they are as far from a final solution as ever they were. What concerns him is to get a living grasp on the vital substance of the matter before him, to attain some clear conception of the mechanism and working of this delicate piece of machinery which we call "the mind." He is no longer to be satisfied with the customary bare statement that there happen to exist such things as nerves and sensitive organs and muscles and a brain. In sober truth, psychology as distinct from psycho-physiology is an outworn creed. It has made desperate and pitiable attempts to assimilate itself to changed conditions and has merely rendered itself ridiculous thereby. The reader's consolation must be that the dawn of better things is at hand. That we may hope to possess one day a real science of psychology the constant references in this voluminous work to the elementary teachings of psycho-physiology would alone suffice to show.

A new book, entitled "In Far New Guinea," is sure to be welcome. The author, Mr. Henry Newton, has spent many years in the island in closest touch with the natives, and has a wealth of information to impart concerning their work, customs, cannibalism, sorcery, feasts, and tabus, together with interesting observations on the nature and resources of the country. The book will be published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.

The Stormy Petrel of Spanish Art

Francisco Goya: A Study of the Work and Personality of the Eighteenth Century Spanish Painter and Satirist. By HUGH STOKES. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE romance of the late eighteenth century in Spain is told in this finely-conceived biography of Goya by Mr. Hugh Stokes. The author is by no means content to give us all the known facts in connection with this master's life and work—they are not very full or illuminating—but he presents us with a lively and careful consideration of the society in which his hero lived and the ever-changeful circumstances in which he did his brilliant work.

Goya is a most difficult subject. In the first place, his work varied immensely; side by side with his most delectable portraits you will find his weakest drawing and poorest painting. And then he was catholic in his gifts or tastes; just as you have decided to consider him as a painter of church decoration, you find that you must make a close study of his often rococo but excellent cartoons for the tapestry factory of Santa Barbara, or that he is accepting commissions for delicate and charming *genre* compositions or designing his long list of aqua-tints and etchings which made him famous all over Europe as the inventor of *Los Caprichos*. He mastered lithography in its earliest years. Above all, he was a portrait-painter of extremely uneven achievement until the last years of his long life, during which time his genius blossomed like the rose.

When you have realised that he is the devoted student of Velazquez you will find his beautiful, free little paintings of children owe something to Murillo; when you most feel the influence of Anton Rafael Mengs—who was forced into pseudo-classicism by Winckelmann—you will learn that Correggio taught Goya much, and that the work of Titian and Tiepolo gave him help. Even the famous Frenchmen, like Watteau and Fragonard, showed him the way to some delicious pictures. One could continue the list, but to what purpose, since Goya was still always himself and always intensely Spanish. He has been spoken of as the Hogarth of his country, and Mr. Stokes shows us that one of Goya's many portraits of himself gives us a man very much of the same style as the English painter of social satires—and many better works. But you cannot label Goya in so simple a way. His nature, like his art, was bold, uncertain, infinitely strong and all-embracing.

That the same man should have painted "La Vendemia," the artificial and elegant vintage tapestry cartoon, and have drawn the vague yet *macabre* horrors of the *Caprices*, that he should have made dozens of dignified church decorations of no great distinction, and then painted the frescoes of San Antonio de la Florida so light-heartedly as to suggest the sort of work in colour that Offenbach accomplished in music, was perfectly natural to him. These diversities will appear remarkable only to those who have not studied the heart of man nor made themselves

acquainted with the million moods of a genius. But it is difficult to tell the story of such a one and his art even in a volume of nearly four hundred well-considered pages.

Mr. Hugh Stokes is not, however, affrighted in the least by his chosen task. He adventures among the biographical recriminations of a dozen writers on Goya in a keen, sympathetic and critical mood. He shows us every point of view, but he invariably holds to his own without hesitation or the slightest vagueness. When he can use the research or opinions of those who have gone before him, such as Lafond, Charles Yriarte, Mr. William Rothenstein, or fifty others, he does so boldly, with acknowledgment, of course; but when his views vary from those of previous writers on the subject, Mr. Stokes is not worried: he uses his own acute sense of the most likely result of circumstances about which he is well informed with perfect surety and clearness. The result is one of the most delightful biographies of an extraordinary personage and gifted artist that has been published for many years.

The personality of Goya is said to have attracted and subdued those with whom he held social intercourse. There is nothing, however, to prove his charm even in so meticulous a study as that by Mr. Stokes. But then Goya was a genius and, in a sense, the archetype of a Spaniard of his particular period. Charles VI was a stupid king but a good sportsman, who greatly admired the art of Goya because the painter understood and loved shooting and the romance and bravery of the bull-ring. Most women loved Goya's powerful character and overwhelming physique, his violent passions and his daring, confident nature. He, too, loved women and loved humanity, and we should think gave more than he took from those about him, as all artists do. But he also claimed much, and was ready to face the world in any circumstances throughout the greater part of eighty years.

There were, however, periods of some kind of nervous affection which are not clearly accounted for by his foreign biographers nor the latest English student of his life and work. Some have supposed that his brain may have suffered from time to time and that many of his most violent drawings, such as the decorations of his own house, are the result of some mental aberration. We think otherwise. The normal personality of a gifted artist may at any time produce such extraordinary results and works so varied as those of Goya. Of this any reader of the present work can judge, for Mr. Stokes presents every side of the question clearly and without bias. But even apart from the intrinsic value of the subject, "Francisco Goya" will be, we think, enjoyed, because Mr. Stokes shows that he himself has great pleasure in writing on the world of art in Spain of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. His wide sympathy for, and intense appreciation of, the masterpieces of art generally colour his valuable work throughout and produce the effect of a conversation on a subject we love with a friend in whose views we are warmly interested.

E. M.

Fiction

Rough Hewers. By AGNES L. NEILD. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

THIS is evidently a first novel, and its author handles English awkwardly; there is too much of the story, for it is cumbered with inconsequential and slightly irrelevant things, while most of its characters are old acquaintances of the hardened fiction reader. Giacomo Durant, certainly, is a well drawn figure—a singer who was beloved by a woman far too good for him, and who married a little shop girl, Sylvia, who took to drink after her child was born. But Clement Heathcote, the earnest young curate who damaged his health working in a poor parish, and Margaret, who loved Giacomo but married Clement in the end, are stock figures, of the type beloved of serial writers. Not that these serial writers did not know their business, but the material they used is growing a trifle threadbare. There is a fire in the book, well depicted, but evidently contrived for the purpose of getting rid of Giacomo when the author had no further use for him. We cannot recommend the book as interesting, for it belongs to the manufactured order, and, except for Giacomo, there is not a single character who moves other than in marionette fashion, with the strings in full view.

Marama. By RALPH STOCK. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

IT may be alleged that "Marama" is an improbable story, but, at all events, it is an interesting one, and that is more than can be said of many ordinary works of fiction. Marama, the daughter of an Englishman and his Samoan wife, is placed at a boarding-school at St. Leonards-on-Sea at the age of four. The girl is sufficiently fair not to betray her half-caste origin, of which fact she is kept in ignorance until she returns to her mother's land, just before she enters womanhood. Here she finds her father a slave to drugs and entirely in the hands of his unscrupulous son-in-law, a white man who had married Marama's only sister—a dusky maiden inheriting her mother's swarthy colouring. Marama is now faced with a problem. Brought up for all the years she remembers as a European, what is she to do in this land of her birth? Is she to maintain her English training, or shall she throw in her lot with her sister and her mother's people? The balance is well kept by the author throughout many chapters of the book. The English training pulls and so do the inherent instincts of the heathen woman. To add to her indecision, a native chief proposes to make her his wife, while an English fugitive rescues her when she is madly dancing before an assembly of Fijians. Force of circumstance and her love in the end decide the matter. The plot is well conceived and well worked out; and because it is on unusual lines the story is all the more enjoyable.

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The Thing in the Woods. By MARGERY WILLIAMS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

MYSTERY-STORIES with ghostly thrills in them are growing fewer, possibly because the Psychical Research Society has transformed so many spooks into commonplace and rather depressing things; so that when we come across a yarn with a real thrill in it, we are not over captious with regard to its probability, or the manner of its telling. This is a real mystery story concerning the likelihood of an uneducated Yankee Dutchman turning into a thing with long nails that made awful scratches on people, and caused sundry horrors in some Pennsylvanian woods at odd times. Lycanthropy is given at the end as the partial solution of the mystery, but the author is wise in not turning up all the lights—a thing guessed at is always twice as impressive as a thing known.

For an American story, with an American doctor as its hero, there is very little American ring about the book; save for one old darkey and his rabbit's foot, the whole story, the people, and the language, are thoroughly English. This, however, is a detail, though a few more Yankee traits in the characters would have made the whole thing more probable; in the meantime, bearing in mind the scarcity of thrilling stories, we welcome this as a fairly good one. The scene in the pit of the ruined sawmill is gruesome enough for anyone, and there is, of course, a love interest by way of relief.

Joan's Green Year. By E. L. DOON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE novel written in the form of letters had at one time a distinct vogue, and certain fugitive attempts to resuscitate it have been made within the last few years. They have not been crowned with any conspicuous success. If Miss (or Mrs.) Doon shares the fate of most of her predecessors, it will be in some measure because she has chosen an art form which is hopelessly *demodé*. The story, too, strikes one as a trifle thin. Joan Caneley goes down to a manor farm to spend a holiday. She remains there for a year, during which time she contrives to fall in love with an amiable publisher with a weak heart, whom she ultimately marries. There are a number of sketches and impressions of country life. But the people one meets in these pages do not strike us as real. We do not say that the author herself has not met them; but if she has it is evident that they were on their best behaviour at the time. To enjoy "Joan's Green Year" one should read it in patches. There is some very pleasant humour, and a sufficient stock of sentiment to equip a library of young ladies' fiction. But—to be quite candid—a little of it goes a long way. It belongs to the class of literature known as "bedroom books." The purpose of these works is, we believe, to induce sleep by easy stages.

Mary's Marriage. By EDMUND BOSANQUET. (John Long. 6s.)

THE task would not be an easy one to say how many stories have been written in a similar way to "Mary's Marriage." A girl engaged or about to marry the wrong man, and after many complications, more or less ingenious, as the case may be, finding her true love in the end, of course, with a good setting and excellent character-drawing, can make quite an ordinary or commonplace plot well worth working out; but neither is excellent in this story. The scene is laid, for the most part, in Ireland, and political events are touched on in the course of the story. The reader is left with the impression that Mary is a charming woman, that her true lover well deserved the prize, and that the false one had his just punishment in losing her; but in a long novel we want a little more than this—not to be able to be quite so certain as to what will happen in the last chapter as soon as we have read the first. Interest flags, and the reader is tempted to skip many pages when there is nothing left to arouse curiosity as the story drags to its close.

The Elusive Wife. By R. PENLEY. (John Long. 6s.)

THE scene of action in this story is laid principally in Tenandria, a small and almost unknown kingdom on the Adriatic. A man of wealth and position is seriously injured in a motor-car accident. Thinking himself on the point of death, and knowing that his property would be inherited by a worthless relative of the worst type, he pays an unknown girl £1,000 to become his wife, so that she may inherit his fortune. She disappears at once, and he slowly recovers. Years afterwards, husband and wife meet; but as he was swathed in bandages at the time of the hasty wedding, his wife does not recognise him, more especially as in the meantime he had inherited an uncle's title. Complications are caused by their falling in love with each other, since she believes herself married to another man. Many distinct types of characters are portrayed; some good, others unscrupulous and cruel, who exercise more or less influence on the lives of the hero and heroine.

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult. Drawn from the Best French Sources and Re-told by J. BÉDIER. Rendered into English by H. BELLOC. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE old story of Tristan and Iseult is here told with good effect. None of the pathos of the story is missing in the translation, and many details are supplied not always to be found in other versions. The finish varies from that of one of the latest operatic productions, but the whole tone of tragedy is maintained, the difference being only in the death scene.

Occultists and "Magic"

INTERESTING to the general playgoer, to the occultist Mr. Chesterton's play constitutes a curious phenomenon. Its value as a contribution to occult thought is nil, yet as a "sign of the times" the psychologist cannot afford to overlook it; indeed, it gives much food for thought.

What are the facts? A stage-play appears, frankly entitled "Magic," and frankly about "magic," written, strange to say, by a sturdy champion of the normal, an ardent apologist (in an unexcited world) of Christianity, a sparkling dealer in paradox, an anti-faddist, anti-feminist, a sprightly refuser of all serious topics. What is he doing in this *galére* of "magic," and what is his play doing at the Little Theatre, where the vibrations of "Fanny" and of Miss Cicely Hamilton's point of view must be still so strong? If Mr. Chesterton has desired to achieve a supreme paradox, certainly he has succeeded—that no one will deny. Or, to go to the other extreme, does he really intend us to take him seriously? Let us do so for a moment, even at the risk of his thinking us absurd. His recent book on Blake must be our excuse.

The play, if it is anything, is a defence of the super-physical. To what section of the public is it, then, directed? Whom is it expected to convince? The audience at the Little Theatre is usually composed of fairly well-equipped people, or, at any rate, the theatre has that reputation. Surely such an audience is likely to contain a certain number of actual experts in occult matters, while even the exoteric intellectual may be credited with some little working knowledge of most branches of current thought.

What have such people to learn or gain from the propaganda of "Magic"? Nothing. They will go, once, out of curiosity, but they will leave with a smile, with a feeling of irritation, a feeling of disappointment and regret. And the others—the less well-equipped members of the audience? If they are insensitive, they will probably decide that the whole play was rather a fuss about nothing, and remember gratefully the brighter moments of the Duke; while if they are sensitive, they may be left with an unpleasant and most false consciousness that "evil spirits" are the strong powers in the world.

What is Mr. Chesterton's own point of view, one wonders. Is he an accomplished occultist, concealing from a chilly world much esoteric knowledge under the effectual veil of this very *naïve* and odd little play? Or does "Magic" represent the sum total of his knowledge and convictions? If so, one is sorry, for he does not seem to have advanced beyond some slight acquaintance with the evil or negative side of the hidden powers.

It is as well to say at once that the prologue forms a notable exception, for that, taken by itself, seems to imply that the author has a very real and exquisite sense of the fair, hidden things of Nature. All that Mr. Chesterton has to say about fairies we shall take

seriously, whether he likes it or not. But as the play develops, disappointment follows on disappointment. It is natural to compare it with "A Message from Mars," but the comparison is not favourable to "Magic." "A Message from Mars" was a convincing and coherent affair because the appeal was frankly to the imagination, not to a belief in the unseen world. On that understanding we could accept anything. But in "Magic"—unless the words, "a fantastic comedy," save the situation—we are definitely asked to believe in certain psychic phenomena, and it is at this point that the occultist very naturally feels he has something to say. The production of such a play as "Magic" (not the play itself, be it understood) is an important event to those actively interested in the spread of mysticism. Occultists welcome the appearance on so distinguished a stage, and by a most gifted author, of a play dealing with their special subject. They feel it is an indication that this subject occupies the mind of the critical, intellectual public increasingly, and, most important of all, that art and occultism are beginning to join hands.

But at this point satisfaction ends. Occultists visit the play, a little wondering, but hoping that their beliefs are to be nobly vindicated. The disillusionment is complete. What of the actual "magic," the theme of the whole work?

Alas! it is not of any very great importance. A red lamp becomes blue, certain "presences" make themselves felt in the Duke's drawing-room; there is a good deal of talk about "séances," "mediums," "spiritualistic circles," and so forth, which all sounds curiously ancient and suggestive of the old Leech drawings in *Punch*, where hands on waggly wires gave thrills to ladies in crinolines and gentlemen with side-whiskers.

How are we to reconcile this nonsense with the exquisite faith which breathes from every line of the prologue?

I have called the play *naïve*, and to the occultist it must seem so; but it cannot be considered negligible, for though "older souls" may smile at the portentousness and mystery which are thrown round some rather elementary psychic matters, they must also regret extremely that such stress should be laid on the merely evil and trivial side of super-physical existence. That can only do harm. Moreover, it is (perhaps quite unintentionally and from lack of proper knowledge) an unfair presentation of the position of occult thought to-day, which has advanced beyond the trivial and sensational manifestations that unfortunately made such a strong appeal to popular imagination in mid-Victorian times.

One is left to a general conclusion that as Mr. Chesterton's play makes one angry, there is probably "something in it." But that "something" is certain not a satisfactory *apologia* for the truths of occult science. If it was not Mr. Chesterton's intention to make such a defence, then the play seems to rest on no foundation at all. But the situation remains curious, and to the student of current events, interesting.

I. E. E.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

DECEMBER.—A very interesting feature of this number is the address delivered by Professor Max Planck on his installation as Rector of Berlin University. He treats of the present position of Physical Science—of the need for new definitions and fresh examination—of the developments of the atomic theory. Interesting also is Hoffmann's journal, kept during his employment in Posen under Government during 1802-4, and edited by Herr Hans von Müller. Herr Dickhuth appears to have really concluded his account of the War of Liberation, for the French are all back across the Rhine. The present article deals chiefly with results and general considerations, such as the perfidy of English policy, but there are still some fascinating details. The troops of Yorck, for example, were still wearing, it appears, at the end of the campaign, the clothes they started in for Russia. Charlotte Lady Blennerhasset has some vivid reminiscences of Victorian England as she saw it when she came to live there in 1871.

LA REVUE.

November 15.—"Comte And. . . ." plumbs unknown depths of private history in his "souvenirs" of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife. M. Finot's answer to the question: "Sommes-nous plus heureux qu'autrefois?" — some delightfully irresponsible Faguet, and letters of Champfleury are other features of the number.

December 1.—M. Léo Claretie, who is the prime mover in the Victor Hugo celebrations to be held in Guernsey this year, reviews the poet's existence in the Channel Islands, basing himself chiefly on notices in the *Gazette Officielle* of Guernsey. They confirm the received opinion that Victor Hugo must have been a difficult guest. Princess William Radziwill continues her somewhat scandalous notes on the personages of the Court of Berlin round about 1870. M. Nordau has an article; there are reproductions of studies by Albert Besnard; and there is an interesting illustrated article on "la forme des sons."

December 15.—Mr. Norman Angell's doctrine may be read *in petto* in his "lettre ouverte aux Etudiants français"; he appeals to the French as the pioneers of ideas to help him to realise his own particular ideal. M. Faguet, on an obscure Belgian philosopher, Geulincx, is almost at his best. M. Romain Rolland writes on Stendhal's connection with music and his early biographies of musicians.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

November 16.—M. Champault concludes his Homeric studies with a collection of not wholly convincing puns discovered in the *Odyssey*, and gives reason for supposing that the whole *Odyssey* was an allegory. M. Marcel Coulon breathes a little life into that over-exercised figure, Arthur Rimbaud, and M. Stuart Merrill refutes

aspersions on Walt Whitman's morality. Unpublished reflexions of Grétry on Diderot are given.

December 1.—M. Emile Laloy fears that French, which has already sunk from the first to the third place as a scientific language, will soon fall entirely out of the running. M. Dermée writes warmly of Laurence Sterne. There is an amusing story in M. Boyer d'Agen's account of Fernand Pelez, and there is some Lafcadio Hearn, translated by Marc Logé.

December 16.—M. H. D. Davray borrows and presents facts about Rabindranath Tagore. The *Mercurie* plumes itself, not unreasonably, on having first introduced the great Hindu to Frenchmen. M. van Gennep analyses the effects of Islam in Algeria, and concludes that it is the enemy of civilisation. Among the "inédits" are two letters of Rimbaud (!) and the plan of a novel by Stendhal.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

November 15.—M. Lebrun, deputy, advises the equipment of Papeete, Guadeloupe, etc., for coaling and other purposes, in view of the Panama Canal. Translations of Sir Herbert Tree, on "Hamlet," and Lafcadio Hearn, by Marc Logé, are also to be found in this number.

November 22.—M. Lebrun continues. M. Dumont-Wilden is admirable on the Prince de Ligne. A lecture by M. Hanotaux is reproduced in this and the following numbers, showing how the question of the "drapeau blanc" affected the fate of France and of the Comte de Chambord. M. L. Maury on M. Bertrand's "Saint Augustin" and M. Magne on "Le Verre dans l'Antiquité" are also interesting.

November 29.—A lecture by President Woodrow Wilson, on the place of literature in modern life, runs through two numbers.

December 6.—M. Lémonon admires the resourcefulness of our present cabinet. M. Flat has a fine appreciation of Pierre Loti. A brilliant lecture by M. Boutroux, delivered to the students of Princeton University, on the relations between Science and Culture, will be found in this and the following numbers. M. Boutroux protests eloquently against scientific dogmatism, and maintains that there is a study of man as such that is outside the jurisdiction of science.

December 13.—A very sensational account is begun, by an anonymous writer, of the intrigues and military orders leading to the opening of hostilities between the Bulgarians and Servians; General Savoff seems to be aimed at as the person responsible for the Bulgarian débâcle. M. Fournol asks whether diplomatic relations with the Vatican could not be resumed. Unpublished letters of Chateaubriand exhibit the writer as "un grand ministre des Affaires étrangères."

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

November 15.—A very long review deals with M. Louis Reynaud's "Origines de l'Influence française en Allemagne."

November 22.—Sir G. Maspero notices among other

things the publication of certain important papyrus from the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

November 29.—Nietzsche's philological studies, recently published, are noticed by M. Théodore Reinach and M. Legras deals with many books treating of Russian history and literature.

December 6.—M. Chuquet, in a long article, disposes finally, we imagine, of M. Battifol as a serious historian. He also deals rather harshly with the "Duroc" of Commandant de La Tour.

December 13.—M. Pernot dismisses as uninteresting forgeries certain letters purported to have been found by the Bulgarians among the Greek baggage, and containing revelations of Greek atrocities.

LA SOCIETE NOUVELLE.

November.—The greater part of this number is devoted to reviews. The inaugural address of the new Rector of the Université Nouvelle is given, as well as a very interesting defence of Mathematics as a branch of culture by Professor Laisant of the same university.

Present-Day Paper and Posterity

"OF the making of many books there is no end"; if expert report speaks true, of many books made there will be an end. For this the exigencies of the modern paper market will be responsible. Much of the paper manufactured to-day, it is generally agreed, will not endure. It is compounded of materials that in due time will be resolved into their elements, and fifty or a hundred years hence some of the tomes which are now regarded as fine samples of the combined arts of papermaker, printer, and binder will be just shells, containing no more than a mass of debris. I make no pretence to understand the character of the ingredients which go to form so large a proportion of the so-called art papers of to-day. One knows that they are mineral and wood compounds, very different in character from the old-time rags. During a year I handle hundreds of new books and hundreds of old books. One takes up volume after volume a century, two centuries old, and with very rare exceptions they are almost as perfect as in the days when they were put through the more or less primitive printing press. Will it be possible for posterity, for the student in the year 2000, to say the same of the books we are turning out? I doubt it. Not long ago I was examining a work, to my mind of great historical interest, in the presence of a papermaker. He agreed it was a fine production, but he volunteered the statement that the paper would not last. "It will probably become so brittle in the course of twenty or thirty years," he said, "that any attempt to turn over the pages will end in disaster, and in time librarians will be in despair as to what should be done to preserve their treasures from hopeless and irretrievable decay." The cynic will, of course, promptly put in here: "It will be no loss to posterity if the

majority of present-day books do disappear. It is appalling to think of the mass of worthless stuff now being poured into libraries which are expected to find them a permanent resting-place, lest some wretched man in the dim and distant future may not be able to complete his studies of our banalities without reference to it. Paper warranted to crumble, not in fifty years, but in fifty minutes, would be a providential dispensation, and save posterity and the librarian from much profitless toil and anxiety."

However true that may be, it is not the province of the present to judge what the future may deem to be of advantage to the student. We to-day can only arrive at what we think to be the truth as to the past by calling many witnesses to the bar. Often in the most unlikely quarters we get a clue the following up of which provides a new fact warranting a fresh trial in the Court of History, whilst testimony which from its interest, its literary quality or its method of presentation has been long accepted, may prove to have been a veritable snare. If books are to be preserved, then all should be available. It is not for us, the parties to be judged, to select the documents. It has been the object of the Legislature to give posterity an even better chance than the past has enjoyed, of getting more easily at everything which may be useful to the student. Is that object to be defeated in any single instance as the result of the mechanical devices of the papermaker whose ingenuity provides the publisher with an article which serves its purpose for the occasion only? Books good, bad and indifferent, once published, should be not for an age, but for all time. Of much that passes for literature or learning at the moment we may be ashamed. But our children and children's children must be given the opportunity of studying it if only that a proper posthumous chastisement may be administered. If books as produced will not last, it is obviously necessary that something should be done to safeguard the rights of posterity in the matter. The publisher is compelled to send a certain number of copies of every book to the British Museum and the Libraries of the Universities. The obligation becomes a farce if the books are to vanish before the encroachments of time like ice in a summer sun. Some inquiry more intimate than I am prepared to institute alone should be made, and if it be found that the present-day papers are destined to be resolved into dust then the law should be amended. It should be made obligatory on the part of the publisher to print a minimum number of copies—a dozen would be ample—for public purposes. A special paper, the durability of which was beyond question, would be used; the extra cost would be small in any case, and if the book were of particular value the extra expense might be met and more than met by the demand from private collectors for copies on the specially-made paper. Some publishers will, of course, object; they object even now to having to send out half-a-dozen copies to the public libraries; but if there is anything in the point raised, their objections need not be seriously entertained.

EDWARD SALMON.

Some New French Plays

IT is quite a risky enterprise to adapt for the stage one of Voltaire's satirical *contes*. MM. Régis Gignoux and Charles Méré have, however, fully succeeded in their amusing dramatisation of "L'Ingénú." The adventures of young Huron, suddenly landing in France, his simplicity, his astonished candour, which is continually provoked by the established morals and customs of the day, have been remarkably well presented at the Théâtre Michel. The secret of the success is that the adapters have retained as dialogue whole phrases, one might even say whole pages, of Voltaire's witty work; but, when forced to have recourse to their own imagination, they have certainly not lacked wit, for they rank amongst the brightest young Parisian writers.

The only criticism one might make is that the first and second acts do not contain sufficient preparation in the development of the character of the Jesuit, "Le Père Tout-à-Tous," who, as Mr. Adolphe Brisson justly remarks in *Le Temps*, is a sketch of Basile, prior to Beaumarchais. Those—it is true they are few—who do not know Voltaire's story, which is especially a violent satire against the Jesuits, would be rather surprised and bewildered by the sudden importance taken by the Jesuit, and by the dubiously moral plan he has elaborated, in the wings between the second and third act to assure the deliverance of the Ingénú, young Huron, imprisoned for having rather unceremoniously treated the King's Guards and of assuring for his own self the sympathy of an influential noble, M. de Saint Pouange, who holds a very high position at Court. Otherwise, "L'Ingénú" is undoubtedly the best play of the day in Paris. It is very gay, very light, agreeably salted by that essentially Parisian quality, *l'esprit*. Perhaps in no other work, except in his correspondence, does the genius of Voltaire appear more strikingly than in this story of a young savage suddenly brought into contact with Society. "L'Ingénú" is also remarkably well played. M. Levesque is simply extraordinary in the rôle of the Jesuit; perhaps it is on account of his astonishing creation of the Père Tout-à-Tous that we regret that we do not see more of him during the play.

Mlle. Clémence Isane is a really deliciously fresh, clever, young girl. She has made quite a striking début, and is altogether a worthy descendant of her ancestress, the great Rachel. Mlle. Germaine Reuver is the most amusingly sentimental of old maids, and MM. Guyon fils and Rouger complete an excellent cast. As for M. Harry Baur, he shows his splendid physique to the greatest advantage in his several costumes; his charming, simple laugh is contagious, and he has indicated, with his usual *finesse* of observation, the subtle irony underlying the astonishment of L'Ingénú, whilst making the acquaintance of the established conventions of civilisation.

The Odéon has staged "Rachel," by M. Grillet. The presentation of this work did not take place

without many prohibitions and discussions. The members of Rachel's family refused to have the life of their glorious ancestress depicted on the stage, for they deemed, no doubt, that she has won sufficient claim to immortality, and that M. Grillet's aid towards assuring her a posthumous apotheosis was rather unnecessary, if well meant. And it is to be feared that many persons who have seen the work will be of this opinion!

He has striven to give in dialogue glimpses of all the different phases of Rachel's life. It is, perhaps, rather too ambitious an undertaking. We see her vagabond childhood, her début at the Théâtre Molière, her first triumph at the Comédie Française. At this point, M. Grillet has introduced a sentimental intrigue which does not add much to the interest of the remaining tableaux, and which does not affect us in the least. On the contrary, the figure of Rachel loses rather than gains in strength by the rather easy melodramatic effects drawn from her love for a young officer. However, the play has permitted us to hear a young actress who will certainly have a most interesting career, Mlle. Sephora Mossé, to whom was confided the task of personifying Rachel, when Mlle. Gilda Darthy, to whom the part had been given, definitely renounced playing it because, as she said, she was really too gloriously beautiful! Mlle. Mossé, whose beauty did not prove an impediment, has revealed in her quite satisfying imitation of Rachel an ardour, a conviction, and an enthusiasm which amply justify her successes at the Conservatoire, where she won this year two first prizes. MM. Desfontaines, Gretillat, and Hervé, and Mmes. de France, Luce Colas, and Grumbach battled heroically by the side of their young comrade during the five lengthy acts which, according to his habit, M. Antoine, director of the Odéon, has magnificently staged.

M. Georges Berr is one of the excellent "Sociétaires" of the Comédie Française; he is also a very amusing and successful dramatic author. His vaudevilles are amongst the most irresistible that are written. "Le Million," given some time ago at the Palais Royal, kept delighted audiences just bubbling with laughter during a quite fabulous number of nights. His new play, lately brought out at the Théâtre Femina, is a worthy successor of "Le Million." "Un Jeune Homme qui se tue" will thoroughly amuse all those who spend an evening at the smart little theatre on the Champs Elysées. The intrigue is simple, yet ingeniously complicated.

Vernonnet is a young barrister, also a millionaire—for a barrister, even a French one, this is quite an appreciable quality. He falls in love with Claudine Tourtier, a pretty little simpleton, just because Tourtier *père* refuses to consent to his marriage. It is clearly a case of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Vernonnet, in despair, threatens to kill himself: he will do so on the day of Claudine's marriage with somebody else. Happily, his plan is discovered by Marguerite, a charming young stenographer. She warns Claudine,

who is so deeply moved and surprised that Vernonnet should have had the intention of disappearing from this world for her foolish little sake, that she consents to elope with him. And this, for a *bourgeoise* young French girl, is really a very serious step. Whither do they go? Why, to the presbytery of Vernonnet's god-father, the Abbé Oulin, curé of the village of Montsoreau, on the banks of the Loire. The worthy ecclesiastic is a little shocked by the unexpected arrival; however, Claudine is of so delicious a simplicity that she conquers him. And in order that French parents may safely take their daughters to the Théâtre Femina during the holidays, Vernonnet and the Abbé discreetly pass the night at the village inn, whilst Claudine stays at the presbytery with the Abbé's sister.

The third act shows us the arrival of the horrified Tourtier family, piled in the motor-car obligingly lent them by Claudine's discarded fiancé. The dear old Abbé pleads the cause of Vernonnet and Claudine. He does this so well that the Tourtiers, *père et mère*, consent at length to the marriage. The play would seem to end here appropriately. Not at all: by one of those sudden turns so characteristic of M. Berr's imagination, as soon as there is no more opposition to his union with Claudine, Vernonnet discovers that the young girl is possessed of quite a horrid character, whilst she, in turn, cannot restrain herself from squabbling perpetually with him. In order to bring an end to so uncomfortable a state of things, there is Marguerite, whom no one has forgotten. After a succession of amusing episodes, Vernonnet discovers the merits of the sympathetic, pretty, dainty, witty, young stenographer. He marries her, whilst Claudine will live happily for ever after with her patient, neglected fiancé. The last acts are perhaps not quite so good as the first two. One might also reproach "Un Jeune Homme qui se tue" with being of a rather rose-water morality. But sometimes this is not disagreeable. Nevertheless, it is very amusing, quite extraordinarily so; it is also sometimes really touching, and very ably presented. What can one ask more of a vaudeville?

Another piquant feature is that it is acted nearly exclusively by music-hall artists. The Abbé Oulin is represented by Polin, the celebrated *piou-piou chansonnier*, who dressed as a little French soldier sang those military songs which were the joy of the Paris café concerts. Polin, "our national" Polin as he is termed, has proved himself a discreet and subtle comedian. Claudio, another music-hall recruit, in the rôle of a provincial parent, who plays a considerable, though accessory, part throughout the play, has made a very picturesque creation. He possesses astonishing hilarious qualities. Mlle. Jane Danjou is a very pretty, arch, *ingénue*, a charming spoilt child, and a really seductive young person. Madame Bertiny, whose pseudonym simply disposes the author's wife, plays with infinite tact and emotion the sentimental Marguerite. She is, as always, elegant, simple and natural. And as for the barrister

Vernonnet, he is funnily represented by M. Alerme, a very comic comedian.

Amongst other Parisian plays, let us note at the Apollo a new opérette by M. Louis Ganne, "Cocorico," in which Brigitte Régent trills and smiles with her usual irritating monotony. "Mon Bébé" at the Bouffes Parisiens, a French version of "Baby Mine," gives us the rare opportunity, till now withheld from the majority of mortals, of beholding the charming Monna Delza in an exquisite nightgown, which might just as well be worn for a tea gown! At the Variétés, "L'Institut de Beauté," by M. Alfred Capus, shows us one of those beauty specialist establishments; it is to be hoped that amongst the precious phials for sale at the "Institut de Beauté" M. Capus may find one containing a Wit-Restorer! At the Porte St. Martin, the ineffable M. d'Annunzio gives us a female Hamlet, who in lyrical accents emits fine-sounding words, and incomprehensible ideas, and who finally stabs the man who killed her father. And it is very amusing indeed—for half an hour.

MARC LOGE.

Education and Music

THE relation of music to the general scheme of life, and consequently its position in a general scheme of education, is a subject that has been growing in prominence, if not in importance, with remarkable rapidity. Musicians have pushed forward their claims and are doing so now more and more. It is not surprising, therefore, though it is impressive of the seriousness of their intentions, that the subject should be the principal one for discussion at the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and should also form the basis of another complete conference promoted by four leading societies of music-teachers and students. These conferences were held in London during two successive weeks, beginning on December 29 and concluding on January 9.

Both organisations obtained the assistance of Mr. Frank Roscoe, the secretary of the Teachers' Registration Council, a significant fact when it is seen that it was as a general educationist that he spoke. His subjects were: "The Place of Music in a National System of Education" and "The Training of Teachers." In each of his papers the subject of registration came in only as incidental to the broader issues of the application of ground principles. Undoubtedly the most important points in these papers, and in the discussion which they elicited, were those of the need of employing special teachers for such a subject as music, and of securing proper training for them in the art of teaching. Apart from these technical questions, he drew attention to the remarkable fact that, while more is heard of music and musicians, as such, in public life, the art actually takes a smaller place in the life of the educated classes than ever before. In England, music as part of a liberal education reached its zenith in the time of

Queen Elizabeth, when every gentleman was expected to be able to take a part with voice or instrument, or both, in the musical performances which formed one of the chief features of all social gatherings. That it has declined during the last two decades was evident from remarks made on all sides throughout both conferences. Particularly was attention drawn to it in a discussion at the second on "The Decline in the Learning of Stringed Instruments," with the constructive alternative of "Ensemble Classes and How to Encourage Them."

In this discussion teachers of all grades and kinds, headed by Professor Percy Buck, of Harrow, and amateurs headed by Mr. W. W. Cobbett, told direful tales of the diminution of classes and the loss of interest in the study of the violin and its kindred instruments. One redeeming feature of this was that many were studying the pianoforte instead, but there was much complaint of the encroachment of sports, of cards, of dancing, and other amusements, on the time that might well be devoted to art.

Mr. Roscoe was one of the very small number who touched upon the widespread influence and importance of the education given in the elementary schools. Nearly all the others dealt with their subjects entirely from their personal standpoint as teachers in secondary or higher public schools. It is in these, in fact, that the chief difficulties of music as a study, or as a stimulant in the study of other matters, exist. In the elementary schools, music up to a certain point is compulsory. If this is to be of any real service it should extend to the higher-grade schools which many children attend after leaving. There is room, however, in the elementary schools for a better supply of highly-qualified teachers of music. In this respect the other schools usually are better off. As a partial remedy, Mr. Roscoe suggested the grouping of smaller schools for the employment of a specialist, who should supervise the teaching of his own subject.

On the many side-issues much was said in other papers and discussions, some of it of an unnecessarily detailed character, but nearly all eminently practical in its application. From so experienced and successful a teacher as Mr. Stewart Macpherson, of the Royal Academy of Music, advice on "Problems Confronting the Music-Teacher of To-day" was very welcome. The problems with which he dealt were mainly those of a psychological nature, and of the character caused by the artistic temperament of musicians which prevents them from troubling about matters of method and psychology. Mr. Macpherson's insistence on the fact that teaching is in itself an art, an activity of the highest importance which has results of inestimable value in their potentialities, was timely. Though the question of teaching is not left so much now as formerly to the time when actual experience has to be acquired by professional practice, it receives far too little attention from the great colleges and from those who direct the studies of young professional musicians. The need of a sense of responsibility between teacher and pupil, to which he also referred, is closely allied to this, for with

a growth of this sense the need of an adequate preparation will inevitably appear.

The problem which is at the root of everything else is the reason why the pupil desires or is desired to learn music. It is a problem which touches not only the teacher, but all concerned in the life of the child. If the reason is the acquisition of a mere "accomplishment," all this discussion, all this exercise of energy in the direction of improved methods of teaching and of the encouragement of pupils, is wasted. If it is the fuller development of all the emotional and mental powers, then it is only a beginning of what will have to be done in the future. Speaker after speaker insisted upon this point. The inability to play an instrument, the inability to learn how to do so, or even how to sing, does not imply a lack of susceptibility to musical sounds. If it did, then most of the music-teaching, even most performances of music of to-day, would be worse than useless. The art of teaching music is that of creating intelligent listeners, because it is by the intelligent hearing of music that the art can have its widest, if not its fullest, emotional effect. This is gradually becoming realised, and heads of schools are, many of them, meeting the music-teacher half-way. The unanimity of the speakers at both conferences as to the impossibility of teaching, in the older sense of the word, was striking. All agreed that the only thing that can be done, even with the youngest child, is to help the pupil to learn.

The attitude which teachers should adopt towards modern music was a subject on which Mr. Alfred Kalisch gave a most thoughtful paper. He did not dogmatise, or even make any direct suggestions on the subject, but pointed to the fact that modern music is the result of modern feeling, amidst which the child is brought up. In some cases, therefore, though not in all, it might well form the starting-point of the study. The difficulties of modern technique and the danger of approaching too near advanced idioms which may never become established, were referred to in the discussion, but the main principle was generally agreed to.

Other subjects, mainly of technical interest, were dealt with by authorities from various parts of the kingdom. There was also much social intercourse and music-making. The latter included a number of new works, most of which were interesting but none of any commanding genius.

H. A.

The National Liberal *Kölnische Zeitung* for December 19 publishes a warm appreciation of Sir Ernest Cassel and his untiring efforts in the work of furthering a better understanding between his adopted country and the land of his birth. The *Kölnische Zeitung* takes occasion to refer to his generous gift of £100,000 for necessitous English subjects residing in Germany, which fund is under the patronage of the German Empress, and to the same gift granted to him for necessitous Germans residing in this country, for which the King and Queen have consented to be patrons.

The Theatre

"Mary-Girl" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE new four-act comedy by Mrs. Hope Merrick conforms to all the conventions of play-writing which have been encouraged during the last ten years. It appears made to suit the actors and what is supposed to be the public taste rather than intended to show the natural dramatic development of character.

The plot is elaborate. The caprice of a countess suggests that she shall follow, as exactly as possible, the arrangements made by a foreign Court and hire a foster-mother for her newly born heir, upon terms which prevent the nurse from seeing her own husband and child for at least a year.

Ezra Sheppard is a market gardener, and his wife Mary is young and fair. She is selected to fill the post and receive a large salary. Her husband does not like the idea, but he happens, for the purposes of the play, to be one of those rugged, religious, narrow-minded persons who are determined at all costs to themselves and to those nearest to them to serve what he believes to be the call of his particular creed. In this case his passion is to build "a strong little 'ome for the faithful, seemly in the eye of God." With this end in view he allows the Countess of Folkington to buy his wife, with the result that Mary goes to the castle and is admired and made much of for a long while, and returns to her husband displeased with her old home, with hard work, and especially with the attitude of her once-loved husband. Many small circumstances and bitter tongues eventually bring their disagreements to a point at which Ezra strikes his wife and she leaves him. The life at the castle has utterly changed her point of view. Once in the world of London, she almost starves and comes to shame. Six months pass, and she returns a broken woman to tell her husband of her miserable life. He is awakened from his dream of self-righteousness at last, and rather unconvincingly burns down his chapel, and by this strange act makes peace with his conscience and forgives his wife, and, we presume, enters upon such happiness as is the lot of man.

In the telling of the story we are introduced to a number of fairly well-drawn if not highly interesting characters. Mr. O. B. Clarence plays the good-natured and unimportant Earl of Folkington firmly and with considerable reserve. Miss Dorothy Fane is a sufficiently disagreeable and worldly countess, whose cousin George, to whom she makes love, is made as real as the author will permit by Mr. Charles Kenyon. Various servants are admirably acted, especially an under-nurse by Miss Mary Clare, but they do not hold us very strongly. Among the village people, Miss Mary Brough gives a perfect picture of an elderly gossip who helps forward the action of the play at various points, but it is Ezra and his Mary-girl in

whose fortunes we are invited to be chiefly interested. As Ezra, Mr. McKinnel plays with something more than his usual force and elaborate and considered effect. He is slow, profound, and melancholy-gloomy in manner to the verge of tedium. He possesses his fixed rules of art, and he spares himself nothing in the realisation of his dramatic ideals. Whether such a performance interests the public at large, we do not know, but it is possible that a more varied method would prove, at least, no less engaging. As Mary-girl, Miss May Blayney has a long and difficult part, but she, too, works with admirable skill, and is often both highly effective and touching. At the end of the third act, when she at last turns upon her husband and exposes his unpleasing character to his astonished mind, she rises to a height of power which she has not previously displayed. As a whole, the four acts are not taken quickly enough—a trifling fault which will doubtless be improved away after the anxieties of the first production have passed. Artificiality is the bane of Mrs. Hope Merrick's play; we trust the forcefulness of the acting may prove to be its antidote.

Before "Mary-Girl" Mr. Frederic Norton gives an amusing performance. He is very original and charming in his method and is, in fact, one of those rare birds in the theatrical world—an entertainer who actually entertains. His satire on some kinds of people who recite and a certain form of Italian opera are gay and delightful. We could wish that the long play which follows possessed a little more of such agreeable qualities.

The Pioneer Players in "Paphnutius" at the Savoy Theatre

WHEN Hroswitha, a nun of the Order of St. Benedict, wrote her comedy of the conversion of Thais more than ten centuries ago she doubtless knew, as most artists do, that she was working for all time. And yet one would have to be blessed with a profound understanding of eternity or a conviction of the littleness of time to realise that a play based upon the story of the Conversion of Thais of Alexandria, as told by Rufinus, would be welcomed by a twentieth century audience at the Savoy Theatre to-day. Such, however, seemed the perfectly natural result of the labours of Miss Christopher St. John in translating the Latin play written so long ago with so admirable a motive by the famous nun Hroswitha. Such, too, was the result of the work of the devoted band of "Pioneer Players" under the accomplished guidance of Miss Edith Craig, who as producer and interlocutor respectively, set forth the series of 13 scenes with utmost simplicity and perfect dramatic effect. For, notwithstanding the distance of time between the writing of the original work and the careful translation and production in London, we feel the essence of immortality within the confines of the play.

The passionate enthusiasm for purity felt by Paphnutius when he sought to reclaim Thais from her

life of luxury and lovers still burns, if far less brightly, in our later century. Deeply hidden beneath our materialism, still lie the mystic aspirations of this Abbot of a desert monastery; even now, submerged by the magnificence of their harlotry, our modern examples of the type which *Thais* represents, feel the desire and longing of the spirit of eternity.

It is not too much to say, as Miss St. John does, that many plays written recently are, in the elemental sense, far more old-fashioned than such a curious example of tenth century work as "*Paphnutius*."

As the audience are at once in sympathy with the hero and with *Thais* and with the Abbess and the motif of the play, all that remains is for the actors to convince us. No easy undertaking in any time or place, but no more difficult in Miss St. John's translation than in any other play.

Miss Craig's setting of the scenes is beyond praise. Although we are at the Savoy Theatre of many memories we are mentally transferred in a moment to the dusty desert that lies beyond Alexandria or to the rich rooms of *Thais* within the city, to the monastery or, indeed, to any scene which the play requires. A few admirable groups of decorative figures, some wide and rich or homely curtains, a few trifling suggestions of furniture and the very place is before us. The effect appears easy enough, but it is in reality the result of infinite skill on the part of Miss Craig and the actors.

Miss Miriam Lewes, as the heroine *Thais*, is first shown to us in her rich home at Alexandria surrounded by slaves and flowers, jewels and the love of many men. Here her slaves dance for her secret delight. This interlude arranged by Mrs. Lowther may not be strictly in accord with the stage directions of Hroswitha, but it is in the spirit of the period and place of which that dramatist wrote, and the scheme is carried out with charming elegance and, even more dramatically important, it enables us to see something of the character of *Thais* as she watches the movements of her favourites. This strongly marked Pagan element is broken down when *Paphnutius* appears before her as a lover and makes himself known to her as a man of God. Hroswitha has chosen to make the conversion miraculously rapid. Soon Miss Lewes, who has given a fully realised picture of the inconstant lover, is transformed into a quiet penitent who follows the Abbot across the desert to the monastery, where beneath the rule of the Abbess she is to work out her redemption. The idea is beautifully suggested by the actress, who displays a depth of feeling and tenderness such as few characters could enable her to show.

Mr. Harcourt Williams does not appear to us to be in appearance quite the handsome, young, ascetic Abbot of the text, but his voice and acting make full amends, and as *Paphnutius* throughout each scene until the death of the redeemed *Thais*, when he kisses her "pure hands," "pure lips," "pure eyes," he is earnest and convincing. As the Abbess, Miss Ellen Terry inspired the drama with grace and purity and tenderness and added, with her group of devout nuns, a picturesque

and sombre note to many of the beautiful stage pictures. Mr. Hereward Knight, who as a young monk, Paul, has a vision of *Thais* in heaven, was one of the many minor characters played with excellent effect.

We hope that we may see "*Paphnutius*" again, but in any case, all students of the drama owe their warm gratitude to Miss St. John and the Pioneer Players for allowing them to see this inspiring tenth century work under such highly effective conditions.

EGAN MEW.

More Magazines

WE have received the November special issue of the *Triad* from Wellington, New Zealand—an exceptionally interesting number of a paper which has accomplished a great deal, during the twenty-one years of its existence, in the way of educating its readers in musical and literary matters. Apart from sundry items of purely local value, there are several excellent articles by capable writers. Mr. Frank Morton, whose prose is better than his verse, is very amusing on the subject of the young ladies of Sydney, and there is much quiet, acute criticism in his remarks. "The Lure of Melodrama," by D. H., is a plea for an art which appeals to the crowd, and which superior people are too apt to despise. The editorial notes are smart and lively, and fearless in their criticism; one paragraph especially, based on a speech of "Wellington's new humorist," nails to the counter what really must be "the silliest bit of twaddling futility that was ever spoken at a public gathering." With this issue come a musical supplement and an art supplement, the latter especially fine, with capital reproductions of many famous pictures.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December has an excellent study by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall, entitled "England and Ireland," indecisive, but full of insight on this difficult question. "Some Allies of Love," by R. C. Cabot, is an essay well worth reading; "In Belshazzar Court" is a description of life in a large "apartment-house," by S. Strunsky, which we found fascinating and very sure in its human touches; and the stories in this number are good.

In the *Cornhill* for January we have some more early work of Robert Browning, hitherto unpublished. Sir Henry Lucy gives some interesting reminiscences; Judge Parry exhibits a fund of humour over "The Law of the Lost Golf Ball"; Bishop Welldon writes on "Miss Gaskell," and C. A. Vince waxes sometimes witty and sometimes tedious over an elaboration of the story of Jack and Jill hardly worthy of the dignity of the *Cornhill*.

The editor of the *Poetry Review* discusses the compatibility of "Poetry and the English Climate" in a short introductory article; Mr. G. A. Dunlop writes "The Story of a Sonnet," and Mr. J. Wall compares "A. E." and James Stephens. The poetical contributions are good, especially "Caldra," by Katharine Tynan. In the *Irish Review* there are three excellent

stories, some renderings from Gaelic literature by P. H. Pearse, and several other interesting items. The *Antiquary* has an article by J. Reid Moir on "The Piltdown Skull," with a new theory as to the age of that worried relic; an interesting description (illustrated) of a recently discovered Anglo-Saxon cemetery in Yorkshire and its treasures; and many other articles of interest to students. The best thing in *United Empire* for December is a lively account of a voyage to Australia in a sailing-ship in 1852, by S. Cookson, when for a whole month the vessel made only three miles' progress, becalmed, and news while at sea was unknown. Sir R. B. Dewar writes on "Hunting in British East Africa," and the series "Master Builders of Greater Britain" treats of Lord Sydenham (1799-1841). The first number of a new French monthly, *Revue Sud-Américaine*, with headquarters at Paris, is very attractive. Mr. Cunningham Graham writes on "Le Tango Argentin"—a very different thing from the solemn affair we know; the editor, M. Leopold Lugones, has an article on "Le Panaméricanisme," and many important matters of wider interest than the title of the review are treated by English and French writers.

Discoveries at the Royal Albert Docks

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

DISCOVERIES of a highly interesting kind were recently revealed to a party of about eighty members of the London Geologists' Association, who had journeyed down to North Woolwich to inspect the temporary sections exposed in the extension of the Royal Albert Docks. There, in a huge trench, above a third of a mile long, the visitors could see, in concrete form, the later history of the Thames below the bridges—a spectacle the like of which has not been witnessed for more than a generation.

The new dock is being excavated in a low alluvial flat, most of which is covered with goosefoot, knot-grass, burdock and other weeds of the waste, but here and there the eye may detect an interesting casual, such as the North American thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*). On this plain, only five feet above the Ordnance datum line, one saw huge land dredgers, of German construction, each capable of scooping out 2,500 cubic yards of solid material daily. The dredgers stand, not on the floor of the excavation, but on the brink of the dock, and are continually hauling their spoil up the sloping sides, and depositing it in wagons standing at the top. Working up and down the entire length of the dock from east to west, they are slowly widening the huge trench. The dock at present reaches a depth of 20 to 25 feet, but will eventually be more than twice that depth. When completed, it will be deep enough to allow of a head of water of 62 feet at the gates.

But it was not the mechanical aspect of the work which attracted attention. At a glance it was obvious that the exposed strata varied in character and age. Reading from top to bottom, the following layers were traceable: "made earth," alluvium, peat, sandy clay, and gravel or "ballast." The floor of the cutting exhibited the uppermost part of this gravel only, but the layer is known to extend downwards for many feet. Underlying all, either with or without the interposition of the Thanet Sands, is the Chalk, which will be reached, in certain places, at a depth of only 30 to 40 feet from the surface.

At the outset, it should be noted that, geologically speaking, the lowest of the beds now visible is but a thing of yesterday. Yet the story of the deposits may be read as in a book. Neglecting the made soil, with its pots and pans and its mounds of earth thrown out of the older dock, we have first the alluvium, a dull brown or greenish clay, very stiff, and now cracked in all directions through shrinkage. Dispersed through the alluvium are land and fresh-water shells of modern types. Here, an old farthing or an ancient potsherd is turned up; there, a skull of the Celtic shorthorn ox, or a portion of a mediæval cooking-jar. Some of these relics are preserved in a small museum in the engineer's office, where, owing to the courtesy that was uniformly manifested by the dock representatives, the visitors were allowed to inspect them.

At the base of the alluvium, and just before entering a thick bed of black peat, is a "floor," recognised by its remains as belonging to the Romano-British Age. This floor abounds in oyster-shells, and the presence of hearths of clay and flint seems to suggest that the molluscs were not eaten raw. But the remarkable feature of the peat was the enormous quantity of trunks and branches of trees which had been carried down by the ancient river, and which, becoming waterlogged, had been buried in the peat. Evidently an old land surface, well stocked with small timber, lay at no great distance. Birch, hazel, elder, and fir were most common, but several trunks of yew were found. These derelicts give trouble to the dredger, but they are constantly being wrenched out by the workmen, and now lie scattered on the surface of the gravel floor at the bottom of the trench. Trees of similar species are found in the overlying alluvium, where they are greatly macerated, and they extend into the sandy loam below. Mr. George Barrow, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, who, conjointly with Mr. A. Binns, the resident engineer, explained the sections, stated that the trees are never found in their natural position. They may occur vertically, but they are never rooted in the gravel below. The spectacle of this "moorlog," recalling the first stages of coal-formation, was very impressive. The whole arrangement suggested one of the old Carboniferous log swamps which in part, at least, originated our coalfields. The analogy is increased by the fact that, here and there, small flood-streams have entered the swamp, and, having carved out their own channels in the peat, have afterwards, owing to sub-

sidence, filled up those very channels with fine silt. The appearance of this clayey wedge, when viewed in section, is comparable to what the miner calls a "dead fault." The most noticeable of these silted-up hollows represents Old Ham Creek, now covered by dwellings, except where it enters the dock. The section across the creek displays a soft, unctuous, soapy clay, in which may still be seen a network of reeds and rushes, remaining in their natural upright position. Similarly, in the peat above, the reeds are observed piercing the spongy vegetation, just as they did when they flourished in the Bronze Age, to which this stratum probably belongs.

Towards the base of the peat two members of the party discovered flint flakes and "pot-boilers," or cooking-stones of flint. This horizon, therefore, seems to represent the late Neolithic Age. Below the peat is the sandy layer already referred to, and still lower is the "ballast." This last consists of flint-gravel in a matrix of sand, and is probably of Neolithic Age; but there is room for discussion on this point.

To pick up a sheep's rib out of the alluvium, or a hazel-nut or a flint chip out of the peat, or to walk over surfaces once trodden by Roman legions and Stone Age man, has a fascination of its own. The learned guides were able to show that the whole series of deposits, from the gravel below to the alluvial mud above, indicated a slackening current, caused by subsidence of the land, which rendered the river unable to carry its load farther. At times, as when the silt-bed was laid down, the whole lowland was covered with inundation waters; later, the site was merely a stagnant marsh. As already mentioned, the geologist calls these features recent, though they really take us back a few thousand years. But the period represented by such a slight depth serves to emphasise the almost illimitable centuries which stretch behind these deposits.

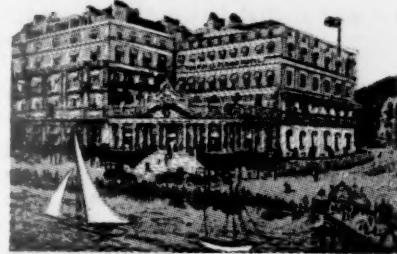
For the gravels of Westminster and Battersea are older than those of the dock; those of St. Pancras and Stoke Newington are still earlier, while the Clapham Common pebbles have a yet longer ancestry. To recall our comparison: if the dock ballast belongs to yesterday, the Clapham gravels were laid down about a month ago.

The January number of the *Quarterly Review*, as usual, contains a well-balanced variety of articles of present interest. "The Irish Question—Compromise or Civil War?" is naturally the most urgent of all, and has as a companion "The Evolution of the Ulsterman." Mr. Richard Jebb contributes a valuable study of the Imperial Naturalisation Bill; there is an article on "The Future of Rhodesia"; and Mr. Algernon Cecil has something pertinent and luminous to say on "Patriotism." The Dean of St. Paul's contributes a paper on the great apostle to whom his cathedral is dedicated. Among the literary essays are "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," "Mysticism," "The Contemporary German Drama," and one on Samuel Butler, by Mr. Desmond McCarthy.

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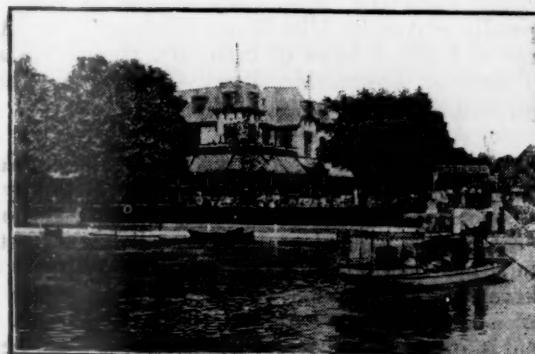
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Notes and News

Mr. Heinemann is beginning the publishing season of 1914 with Messrs. Bland and Backhouse's important book on the Manchu Dynasty, entitled "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Pekin." The success of the authors' well-known book, "China under the Empress Dowager," will be in itself a recommendation to readers of this new work, which also in its turn is compiled from material that has not been within the reach of other writers. The book appears this week.

Mr. Fred Burlingham, who the other day climbed down into Vesuvius, and at a depth of 1,200 ft. stayed for twenty minutes to take a series of moving pictures, is now back in London passing his new book, "How to Become an Alpinist," for press, and it will be published this month by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, at 6s. net. A special feature of the volume is 64 beautiful and original illustrations giving many thrilling pictures of Swiss life.

The *Fortnightly Review* for January has a delightful article by Mr. Walter Sichel on "William Hazlitt—Romantic and Amorist," full of humour and delicate appreciation of the troublesome temperament of the essayist of Winterslow. Mr. W. Barnes Steveni writes on "The Ravages of the Black Death in the Fourteenth Century"—a startling account of the terrible plague epidemic in Russia and Siberia, and the more recent outbreaks in the East, vividly presented and containing much material for thought. Politics and national affairs are thoroughly dealt with in this issue, and there is a very amusing contribution entitled "The Romance of the Scarlet Woman."

An exceedingly strong cast has been engaged for Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "The Darling of the Gods," due at His Majesty's Theatre this evening. The leading parts will be played by Sir Herbert Tree, who appears as Zakkuri, and Miss Marie Lohr, who appears in the part originally played in England by Miss Lena Ashwell. They will be supported by George Relph as Prince Kara (Mr. Basil Gill's performance in this part will be remembered), Mr. Philip Merivale as the dumb slave Inu, Miss Lucy Wilson as Rosy Sky (originally played by Miss Maud Hildyard), Mr. A. E. George as Kato, a fisher of carp, Mr. Henry Vibart as the Prince of Tosan, Mr. Percy Goodyer as Tanda-Tanji, and many others.

The Polish Bureau informs us that considerable indignation has been aroused among the Poles by the news, on what is claimed as unimpeachable authority, that the British Consul at Lemberg (Lwow), Austrian Poland, has maintained secret relations with the Ostmarkeverein, an extreme German society whose sole object is avowedly the extermination of the Poles. The Consul in question, Professor Zaloziecki, is a Ruthenian and has openly taken sides in the domestic disputes between the Ruthenians and the Poles. The Ostmarkeverein has long been established to foster anti-Polish feelings, and latterly sought to obtain the co-operation of the Ruthenians, by promises of financial and other assistance, in the crusade against the Poles and Polish nationality.

A course of five public lectures by Mr. V. de Branca Cunha, on "Portuguese Literature," will begin

on Wednesday next, at 2 p.m., at University College, London. The first lecture of a continued course of public lectures (Barlow) on "The Inferno," by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, will begin on the same day at 3 p.m. Two public lectures will be given by Dr. E. W. Scripture—one on "The Use of Phonetics in Curing Speech Defects," on Friday next, at 6 p.m., and the other on "Instrumental Phonetics in its Various Applications," on Friday, January 30, at 6 p.m. A course on "Elementary Statistical Methods for Teachers," by Dr. D. Heron, will begin on Friday next, at 6 p.m., and a course of six public lectures on "Parliament under the Tudors," by Professor Pollard, will begin on Thursday, January 29, at 5.15 p.m. Other courses are in progress.

The Department of Architecture and Sculpture of the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired an important example of English Romanesque art—a Tau or head of a cross-staff, in morse (walrus) ivory, probably dating from the early twelfth century. It is carved on one side with the Agnus Dei between angels, and on the other with a seraph between dragons; the curved ends have been broken away. This most interesting relic was dug up in Water Lane, in the City, about twenty years ago, and has since been in private possession. The only other ivory Tau that can definitely be claimed as English was presented to the British Museum in 1903. Two interesting additions to the collection of German sculpture have been made from the funds of the Murray Bequest; both of them were formerly exhibited on loan from the late Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry. One is a marble statuette of a prophet, late fourteenth century, probably belonging to a series of similar figures made for the high altar of Cologne Cathedral, some of which have been dispersed; the other is a fine figure of St. George in limewood, South German work of the late fifteenth century. These are temporarily exhibited on the staircase outside Room 62. Two large seated figures in painted stone, apparently carved at Verona in the late fourteenth century, were purchased for the Museum at the recent Fitzhenry sale by a small body of subscribers, and are now permanently placed in the East Hall.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON

A REPLY TO M. CLEMENCEAU

LAST week we described some of the evil results likely to attend the utterances of a Cabinet Minister when these have no Cabinet sanction. We left out of our exhaustive catalogue, however, the case which has been exemplified by M. Clemenceau of a counter-outburst, equally indiscreet, on the part of a foreign statesman. M. Clemenceau, though not in office, is, nevertheless, a vital force in modern France. What he has to say, therefore, is looked upon as representative of a large section of opinion in the Republic. He is of the belief that Great Britain no longer plays the imposing diplomatic rôle that she did in former days, that the Triple Entente has been consistently "bluffed" by the Triple Alliance, and that altogether, compared with her rival neighbours, Germany is to-day

in a remarkably strong position. This exhibition of pessimism, as we have already hinted, is by way of a rejoinder to Mr. Lloyd George's ill-starred suggestion that the time is ripe for a reduction in England's naval armaments. In so far as M. Clemenceau disagrees with the drastic deductions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer we are at one with him. But to a cool mind it does appear that the rebutting evidence which he produces is altogether exaggerated, and, on the surface, needlessly so; for the case against Mr. Lloyd George is black enough without the counter of distorted fact. As the French statesman with admirable candour has thrown down the gauntlet of controversy, he will not complain if his objections are met in a similar spirit. Rather than murmur at his attitude towards ourselves, a friendly nation, we are in a sense inclined to offer him congratulation in that, free from office, he has boldly ignored the polite traditions of diplomacy.

It is just as well that we should get occasionally a direct insight into the workings of vigorous intellects abroad. In this comment, admittedly somewhat discursive in character, we do not wish to appear inconsistent, and the negative satisfaction we gain from the sequel certainly cannot go to the credit of Mr. Lloyd George, whose notorious remarks must be looked upon, as before, as provocative if not impertinent. On the other hand, M. Clemenceau's retort was indiscreet, but for the reason that he did not occupy Ministerial position less indiscreet than the comments of the English Minister. The interest in his statements lies in the information which they vouchsafe. It would seem that a section of influential opinion in France considers that Great Britain inadequately supports her partners in the Triple Entente, and that altogether this instrument has proved a failure. M. Clemenceau's article to which we allude is a misconception from beginning to end, and doubtless, like Mr. Lloyd George, his English counterpart, he is animated by underlying motive rather than a desire to expound logic for the sheer love of the thing. It may be that, like Mr. Lloyd George, too, his wares are intended for home consumption, not for export, or that he wishes to goad England into expanding her Navy to his country's advantage. Whichever view may be correct, the impression remains that he embarked upon his task in somewhat hysterical mood.

As might have been expected, the conflict between prominent representatives of the Celtic and Gallic temperaments is not without its piquancy. Thus M. Clemenceau in scornful terms refers to the "Welsh demagogue," and promptly proceeds himself to run riot with the fiery torch. Both antagonists, M. Clemenceau, the advocate of militarism, and Mr. Lloyd George, the friend of peace, succeed in totally avoiding each other's case by employing arguments that have no basis in any known fact. Last week we dealt at length with the Chancellor's remarks. As far as M. Clemenceau is concerned, he is wrong in his references not only to the remote past but also to the recent past, and in regard to events that were taking place he has been entirely disproved by all that has happened since. Let

us first speak of what we have termed the remote past. Looking backwards, the French statesman declares that Great Britain's diplomacy has declined. Apparently he has forgotten the peril that attended her policy of splendid isolation during the latter days of the Victorian era. Surely he is not prepared to continue his way of thinking until driven to the obvious deduction that association with his own country has resulted in damage to our prestige. Nor, in reviewing the recent period, do we find that in international affairs the diplomacy of Great Britain has cut such a sorry figure as our critic would have the world suppose. It was the diplomacy of England that arrested the Russian advance in Manchuria, that helped the French to win Morocco, and that in a large measure maintained European peace throughout the protracted struggle in the Balkans.

Referring to this last episode M. Clemenceau is severely critical. At the "Decorative Conference" in London, he avers, the Triple Entente yielded all along the line to the Triple Alliance. Exactly what he means by a generalisation of this kind it is difficult to fathom. Apparently he has in mind the constitution of Albania as a new State. As against this concession he should not fail to recall that Servia gained what Austria had first declared she would never acquiesce in, an outlet to the Adriatic; that Austria cautiously refrained from re-occupation of the Sanjah and remained inactive while her path to Salonika was barred, and that Germany was compelled to suffer the extreme discomfiture of seeing her friend and protégé, Turkey, nearly driven out of Europe. All these tremendous changes were brought about in the first place because the diplomacy of the Triple Entente was supported by an imposing background of military force, and in the second because the diplomacy of Great Britain, in the wise keeping of Sir Edward Grey, made full use of our disinterested position to minimise friction. Then, M. Clemenceau, reviewing also the situation at the time he wrote, finds as ever nothing but the defeat and dismay of the Triple Entente. He regards Germany's military ascendancy at Constantinople as tantamount to her possession of the keys of the Dardanelles, and, speaking of the problem of the Aegean Isles, he employs the same pessimistic strain. In the meantime, however, as a consequence of the protests of the Triple Entente, Turkey has consented to an appreciable modification of German military influence, while the Powers have gone a long way towards accepting Sir Edward Grey's proposals as to the future of the Aegean Isles.

Furthermore, the Triple Entente is entering vigorous protests against the manifestations of Austrian and Italian intrigue in Albania. M. Clemenceau, dismal to the end, finally predicts an early renewal of hostilities in the Near East, basing his opinion upon the acquisition by Turkey of a Dreadnought now under construction in England to the order of a South American Republic. But ominous though this incident may appear, the astute diplomats of Greece doubtless have not forgotten that which the French statesman

seems to have overlooked. They will see to it that the question of the Aegean Isles is disposed of before the completion of a battleship likely to interfere seriously with the balance of power in Near Eastern waters. To checkmate the Turkish move they have always the choice of declaration of war, in which event the laws of neutrality would compel the British Government to intern the Turkish battleship; and the knowledge that this policy might in certain circumstances be adopted by them will assuredly act as a deterrent to Turkish Chauvinism.

In one more important respect M. Clemenceau is ill-favoured by the current of events. His tirade comes at a moment when M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance in France, like Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, is advocating a reduction in naval armaments. While fully appreciating his patriotism, the many coincident circumstances attending M. Clemenceau's statement enable us to detect the real motive of his mission. However much Great Britain may be desirous of demonstrating her unwavering loyalty to the Entente Cordiale, she must take heed lest the implacable hostility which French statesmen of the school of M. Clemenceau exhibit towards the Germans should lure her into an adventurous policy.

MOTORING

In a recent issue of *The Motor* there appeared an article strongly advocating the adoption of the bulk system of delivering and storing motor spirit, in place of the present two-gallon tin method, which is admittedly wasteful and dangerous, and is in addition very much more costly than is generally supposed. As usual, our technical contemporary has hit upon a topic of great interest to motorists generally, and has seized an opportune time for its discussion. There is no doubt that the development of the home-made spirit movement is being impeded by distribution difficulties, many potential distillers of benzol being deterred from entering the motor market by the trouble and expense associated with the packing and delivering of small quantities; and this fact of course involves less competition and naturally tends to maintain prices of all kinds of motor spirit. There seems to be no valid reason why the spirit should not be stored in 1,000 or 2,000 gallon tanks in garages, and why the private user should not store his supply in tanks holding from 100 gallons upwards, although some modification of the existing legal restrictions would be necessary. The agitation on behalf of the bulk system has the strong support of such authorities as Sir Boerton Redwood and Mr. S. F. Edge, and it is to be hoped that *The Motor* will continue its crusade against the present method of distribution.

As is generally known, it is the custom of the powers that be in this country to grant a motor-car driving licence to anybody who applies for one and pays a

trifling fee, without troubling whether the applicant is blind, deaf, or totally unfitted in every way to be trusted with a car. In Germany, from every applicant for a driving licence the local police authorities require (1) a certificate of birth showing that the age of the applicant is at least 18 years; (2) a photograph; (3) a certificate from an official medical man attesting that the applicant possesses no bodily defects calculated to impair his efficiency in driving—especially defects of the sight and hearing; (4) a proof that he has received adequate practical instruction in the handling of a car from a person or at a place authorised by the competent higher administrative authorities. In addition to this rigorous procedure, it is incumbent upon the local police officials to ascertain whether there is anything against the applicant that might render him unsuited to be entrusted with a driver's licence, such as felony, proneness to drunkenness or disorderly conduct, particularly to acts of brutality. When one compares this sensible method with our own amazing practice of granting licences to anybody and everybody, whether blind, deaf, dumb, maimed, or incompetent in every way, it must be admitted by the most rabid Germanophobe that there is at least one thing they do better in Germany.

Municipal authorities have frequently been blamed for lack of enterprise in availing themselves of mechanically propelled vehicles for their various requirements—especially in the matter of ambulances—but this charge can no longer be made against the Willesden District Council, at any rate. This local body has just taken delivery of a fleet of seven Napiers, which places it absolutely up to date in the matter of motor transport. The first and second vehicles are single and double bedded ambulances for dealing with hospital emergency cases and accidents, both being exceptionally well sprung to avoid jolting; the next three are for the convenience of school children, the interior of each being so arranged with seats all round that 14 children can be seated with comfort; the sixth is a van for carrying infected and disinfected bedding. This is lined throughout with a special material which enables the interior, after being used for the transport of infected bedding, to be thoroughly cleansed before further use. The remaining vehicle is a landaulette for the use of the various committees of the council—the medical officer of health, etc. No doubt, the public benefits accruing from this splendid equipment of motor vehicles will soon compensate for the initial expense, and it is to be hoped that other local bodies will follow the Willesden example.

The second impression of the Vauxhall catalogue for 1914 has been sent to us for notice. It is a beautifully got-up production, and its contents represent the best type of the up-to-date motor-car catalogue, which is no longer a mere list of illustrated specifications and prices, but a really interesting and informative description of the methods of manufacture, the special features of design, and the materials used in construction, as well as a complete record of achievements in contests and competitions of every sort. The numerous and varied examples of coachwork constitute a special

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feature of the Vauxhall catalogue which is sure to interest buyers of luxurious motor carriages, the Vauxhall Company having acquired a well-deserved reputation for the originality and excellence of its body-building. Section 4 is entirely new, and is a lucid exposition of modern methods of motor-car production, as observed in a tour through the Vauxhall works. It may be mentioned that the catalogue is produced by the "offset" process, which dispenses with the necessity for using glazed paper, and is undoubtedly more artistic in effect than the latter.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange still complains of dull trade. In truth, people have lost all confidence, and whether they will regain it quickly is more than doubtful. A great noise has been made in the newspapers about the success of the loan issued by the Province of Saskatchewan. I see nothing to make a fuss about. The public subscribed 40 per cent. and the underwriters had to take 60 per cent. Surely, the jubilation is misplaced. However, we are informed that the Municipality of South Vancouver which offered £200,000 5 per cent. bonds at 91, got its money. The Empire Transport bonds were apparently subscribed privately. The Manchester Royal Exchange has offered £408,900 4½ per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at par. The Exchange has a membership of over 10,000, and the debentures are an absolutely first-class gilt-edged investment. The Petroleum Company of Ildokani advertised for £75,000 shares at 1s. 6d. premium. This offer of shares at a premium in a company that has done practically no work, and cannot be said to have thoroughly proved the property, is simply impudent, and it is not likely that anyone would subscribe to the issue. Many new issues are being prepared, but it is doubtful whether they will succeed.

We have had one or two small sensations during the week. The Premier Oil and Pipe meeting was one of the most interesting and amusing functions I have ever attended. It caused a great deal of excitement. The passing of the dividend on the non-assenting preferred shares in the Brazil Railway is a serious matter. Apparently, the company considers that it has the right to treat these non-assenting shareholders with contumely, and there is talk of legal proceedings being taken. Certainly the endorsement on the preferred shares does not give any hint that the directors had the right to pay the cumulative share dividend and pass that of the non-cumulative share. However, we shall hear more of the matter shortly. It has been a bad thing for the Brazil Railway. Traffics have been falling away on this line for many months past, and the latest development hardly increases our confidence in the undertaking.

MONEY.—The Bank of England reduced its rate to 4½ per cent. This was expected by everybody. All the banks had been taking fine paper at 4 per cent. some days previously; it was, therefore, palpably impossible to keep the official rate 1 per cent. higher. The banks are now full of

money. Great Britain is getting all the gold she needs, and although I do not expect a 4 per cent. rate before the end of the political year, it seems certain to come early in April. Indeed, in spite of the big loans that will be made in France, 1914 looks like a year of cheap money. Nearly all the banks have now issued their preliminary notifications of profits. They are in almost every instance satisfactory. The London, City and Midland heads the list, and the London County and Westminster has also earned over a million profit. Lloyd's has done equally well. These three great banks are in a very strong position. The National Provincial has made £869,189 profit, and has written off £330,000 from profits, and takes another £150,000 from reserve in order to write down its investments. All this goes to strengthen this great bank. Indeed, all the depreciation that the banks write off will one day come back to them and may therefore be considered as a secret reserve. The London Joint Stock has largely increased its profits, having this year made £582,076, and the London and South Western has also done extremely well. Parr's profits are slightly improved, and Williams Deacons are also better. 1913 was a splendid year for the banks, but they have wisely decided not to increase the dividends, which in almost every case remain the same.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market waits for Paris. It is clear that the present Ministry cannot remain in office many months, but whether it will decide to issue the National loan before it retires is still a doubtful question. It is really necessary for France to make up her mind on this point. A great nation, and one as rich as France is, has not the right to borrow huge sums on Treasury bills and thus dislocate the Money market. The money has already been spent, and the sooner the national loan is issued and out of the way, the better for everybody. There is no news from China, but we are assured that a big loan is to be floated on the Continent. Japan now denies that she has been negotiating in Paris for a further loan. The position in Japan is distinctly bad, and I am assured that the French bankers have no intention whatever of lending the Japanese a single halfpenny. A friend of mine who has just returned from Brazil tells me that the stories of financial trouble in that country are greatly exaggerated. The Brazil Railway is not popular, and there is no doubt that Para and the State of Amazonas are suffering from the depression in the Rubber trade; but my informant thinks that Brazil will soon get out of her difficulties, and that any idea of the Government defaulting on the federal loans is mere nonsense. Tintos have been down as low as 66½ on news of further strike troubles at the mine. Copper is weak, and the American figures are so bad that one suspects that they have been made bad on purpose.

HOME RAILS.—In spite of the excellent traffics, Home Railways remain dull. Prices move up and down as the jobbers are called upon to buy or sell some small parcel of stock. The changes on the week are quite unimportant. I am still of opinion that an investor cannot do better than buy Great Westerns or London and North Westerns. North Eastern consols have hardened, and are now 123, or two points higher than they were at the end of the year, but even at the advanced price the yield is very satisfactory. Underground Electrics have also kept very firm and a good report is anticipated.

YANKEES.—The Stock Exchange has made up its mind that Unions are fully valued on the reduced dividend of 8 per cent. For once I agree with the jobbers. Business in America seems to be going from bad to worse, and the Steel Trust statement of unfilled orders actually shows a decrease of 114,000 tons; nevertheless, Steels have been pushed up to 62. They seem to me very much over-valued.

There is still a great deal of talk about an arrangement with the Government that the railways shall put up their rates. Mexican Rails have been very slack on the news that the revolutionists have turned their attention to this line. Up to the present it has escaped damage. Canadian Pacifics move irregularly. It is clear that there are always buying orders when the stock gets to 212. Argentine Rails have hardly been mentioned, but Buenos Ayres and Pacific have been weak and are now at a very attractive price, for the future of this road seems to me assured.

RUBBER.—Raw rubber remains fairly steady at 2s. 2½d. There is now talk about Brazil cutting off her supplies; I should receive these rumours with the greatest caution. The Pegoh report is satisfactory, for the Company has more than fulfilled the promise made in the prospectus. At the same time, the shares are certainly over-valued at 26s. 3d. as it is unlikely that the company will be able to pay more than 10 per cent. for the current year.

OIL.—Oil shares seem to be quite out of fashion. Egyptian Trust and Red Sea have both been sold, but there has been some buying of Lobitos on the revival of the story that the Shell intend to purchase the property. Kerns have also been bought and are now 7s. 6d. They are not over-valued at this price. Premier Oil and Pipe are now 5s. 3d. I am afraid that the committee will be unable to get sufficient support to carry a committee of investigation.

MINES.—The news from South Africa is just about as bad as it can possibly be. Nevertheless the account is so over-sold that it seems impossible that any further fall in Kaffirs can occur. Diamonds are very unsteady and certainly should be sold. Really the whole attention of the Mining market centres round the Russian group, Russo-Asiatics having been bid up to £5 10s. There is no doubt that those behind this market are both powerful and well-informed, and it is quite probable that we shall see a still further rise. My Russian friends tell me that the properties owned by the Corporation are genuinely good, but whether they are worth the figure put upon them in the market is another matter. Cobars are now friendless, and the reconstruction seems inevitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market the Rolls-Royce report was liked. The profits are up, and the directors have very wisely written off goodwill and utilised the profits to strengthen otherwise the position of the concern. No finer motor car has ever been built than the Rolls-Royce, and at £2 10s. the shares are not over-valued. Charrons are easing off. There has been some bidding for British Radiums, which are now quoted 12s. I am a little suspicious of this share, but there is no doubt that the company is doing a fair business. Liptons still continue very weak, and Van den Berghs and Maypole Dairy have been sold.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—One does not know which to admire the more, Mr. Josef Holbrooke's clever music, his amusing letters of advice to young composers, or his caustic comments on the apathy of the public and the wickedness of publishers. But surely Mr. Holbrooke is in error in stating that "young composers lick the hand that crushes them, or bite the hand that assists them." The young—and old—composers that I am acquainted with can well look after

their own interests—particularly when it comes to that part of the negotiations where £ s. d. must be discussed. I venture to think that the reason why some of the young composers are kept by their fond parents is not, as Mr. Holbrooke asserts, "because of their absolute inability to go and fight for themselves, but because they are misled by well-meaning and clever folk who give them bad advice. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT WHITELEY.

Golders Green, N.W.

No.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Militarism and Wages. By F. Mertens, J. P. (The Garton Foundation, London, S.W. 1d.)

La Condition de la Femme dans la Tradition et l'Evolution de l'Islamisme. By Mansour Fahmy. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 fr. 50.)

In a City Garden. By J. R. Aitken. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 3s. 6d. net.)

Fra Lippo Lippi, Painter, of Florence. A Play in Seven Scenes by Joseph Lee. Illustrated by J. Milne Purvis (John Leng and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp. By I. N. Dracopoli. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

FICTION.

Mary's Marriage. By Edmund Bosanquet. (John Long. 6s.)

Faith and Unfaith. By James Blyth. (John Long. 6s.) *Noris.* By Jules Claretie. With Coloured Frontispiece (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

The Decoy. A Romance by the Countess of Cromartie. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Possessed. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

Love and a Title. By Flowerdew. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The Price of Conquest. By Ellen Ada Smith. (John Long. 6s.)

Callista in Revolt. By Olivia Ramsey. (John Long. 6s.) *Pantomime.* By G. B. Stern. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Waters of Lethe. By Dorothea Gerard. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

Poems from the Portuguese. Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Sa Muse s'Amuse. By Wilfrid Blair. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

Philomelia. By Phyllis Gleadow. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

Svold: A Norse Sea Battle. By S. F. B. Lane. (David Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Champion; Willing's Press Guide, 1914; The Irish Review; Bookseller; La Société Nouvelle; The International Whitaker; Book Lover; Publishers' Circular; Revue Sud-Américaine; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Wednesday Review; Collegian; Bedrock; Revue Bleue; United Empire; Revue Critique.